

IRISH COTTAGERS

BY

MARTIN DOYLE.

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IRISH COTTAGERS,

BY

MR. MARTIN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "HINTS TO SMALL FARMERS."

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P R E F A C E.

It was not the Author's intention to trouble his readers, (if indeed with readers he is doomed to be honored,) with any prefatory observations to the little Volume, which he now ventures to offer to the public eye. Indeed, the Work itself is so unpretending, as to render a formal introduction to it as suitable an appendage, as a vestibule would be to a sentry box.

In consequence, however, of some striking coincidences between certain passages in the following pages, and some parts of the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," lately pub-

PREFACE.

lished—(which coincidences are so remarkable, as to lead to the very obvious conclusion, that the contents of the former, have been suggested by those of the latter, which happen to have had the priority in point of publication)—the Author deems it necessary to state, that he had not even seen the “*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*,” until after he had completed and sold the “*Irish Cottagers*,” to his very respectable publishers, whose liberal encouragement of Irish works, he is happy to embrace this opportunity of acknowledging, they—(Messrs. Curry and Co.) are well aware of the truth of this assertion, and ready to give it their unequivocal attestation.

The Author’s object has been to convey sound practical advice to the rural population of his country, through a familiar and entertaining medium, free from the vulgar caricature, as well as the coarseness and blasphemies, with which too many Irish tales of the present day, so copiously and offensively abound.

PREFACE.

In the occasional introduction of Anglo-Hibernian diction, phraseology, and pronunciation, he trusts he has not deviated from the faithful delineation of Irish Character, in the South Eastern parts of the Province of Leinster. Some of the prototypes of his impersonations, are, indeed, living objects of his every-day contemplation.

Ballyorley, June 1st, 1830.



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IRISH COTTAGERS.

CHAPTER I.

The marriage of Mick Kinshella and Joanny Brady.

“AH! then, could I be after spaking a few words to you, Peter Brady?” said old Daniel Kinshella, some years ago, to the other, as they were leaving their parish chapel on the Sunday before Shrovetide, and proceeding together in the direction of their homes, which were in the same township.

“To be sure you can, Dan,” responded Peter; “and why shouldn’t you? Aren’t we neighbours, and neighbours’ childer, these hundred years and more? And haven’t you a good right to ax me what you plase, when I know ’tis all in civility?”

“I’ll tell you, Peter,” said Daniel; “and if you’re not plased, why we won’t be any worse friends, I expect, after. My boy Mick has a liking for your daughter Joanny;” (something like a grunt from Peter;) “and so I was thinking, as we’re neighbours, and neighbours’ children ourselves, we might knock up a match between them: that’s what I wanted to say to you.”

“Dan,” replied Peter, “Mick Kinshella is no match for Joanny Brady, barring you mane to give him the biggest half of your little houlding, a couple of cows, and lashings of money besides. The best boys in the parish are after Joanny, I can tell you, because they know I’ll give her”—

“Ah! then, what will you give her?” so quickly demanded Daniel, as to embarrass, for a moment, his cautious companion, who had no intention whatever of having the depth of his purse fathomed, nor of prematurely committing himself in this, or in any other matter of bargain.

“Why, I’ll give her penny for penny with you, Daniel Kinshella.”

“No,” said the other, “that won’t do; but I’ll tell you what Mick Kinshella shall have, since he’s so entirely bothered about the girl. I’ll divide the parkeens equally with him, perch for

perch, and give him the brindled cow, and the year old breeding sow, and (after a pause,) five guineas in gold."

"It won't do, Dan; you must mend your hand."

"Why, Peter Brady, man, you're mighty hard upon me this day, of all blessed days in the year. Where would I get any more, barring a sheep or two?"

"Well, Dan, give me your hand," taking and slapping it on the palms. "Double the five guineas, and it's a match."

Here Peter Brady's hand was seized by his friend, who, giving it a tremendous bang in return, offered, by way of clincher, two guineas more.

"Seven guineas, Peter; that's the sum total of what I'll give Mick, provided that you give Joanny the thirty hard guineas you have in the box."

"No; make it the even ten guineas," rejoined Peter, "and it's a contract; and I'll give Joanny five-and-twenty guineas in hand."

"Split the difference," sagaciously hinted Dick Doyle, who had just come up, "and let us have a naggin at Pat Colfer's, for there's no luck in a dry bargain anyhow."

"I won't brake your word, Dick," added each

of the old boys : so, after a little more hard dealing, when matters were pretty well concluded, they drank—something more than one naggin, you may be sure, at Peter Brady's expense, in Pat Colfer's little parlour, without altering the terms already stated, farther than making mutual stipulations, through Dick's management, that Joanny was to receive a bed, and some other articles of furniture, with two geese and a gander, from her father, while it was admitted by the other party, that the marriage money should be paid by the Kinshellas; and, what was of more importance to the young folks, that they should live, for the first year, turn about with their parents.

These preliminary arrangements being thus concluded, and the marriage determinately fixed on, it only remained to consult Father Murphy, the aged and respected priest of the parish, as a point of duty; and to submit the matter, as an affair of courtesy, (a due proportion of self-interest, of course, involved in it,) to Mr. Bruce, the landlord, a gentleman of rank and character, who, a few years before, had left England, where he had been chiefly educated, to reside altogether on his Irish estate, in the vicinity of which he became acquainted with a very charming woman, to whom he soon became united by

marriage. From the former, a wedding was almost sure of approval; from the latter, it met no discouragement in this case; and as the young people had long before made up their minds to the match, there was nothing to prevent it from taking place on the succeeding Shrove-Tuesday. It is true that there were a few trifling things to be looked to—beef and mutton, turkeys and geese, chickens and bacon, puddings and pies, whiskey and sugar, and a few bottles of port for Father Murphy, his coadjutor, and the landlord, (whose condescension in promising to appear for an hour or two at the wedding, excited no little vanity in the two families so especially interested,) cakes and bread, tobacco and candles, were to be provided; besides petticoats, shifts, caps, shoes, stockings, cloak, bonnet, and gloves. However, as there was nearly a day and a half for the buying, killing, scalding, plucking, and cooking, cutting out, stitching, sewing, washing, starching, and drying these necessities for the inside and the outside; and as Joany Brady, always prompt and diligent, now laboured with double assiduity, the aforesaid preparations were completed in due time. Fortunately there was no need of an attorney to draw up a settlement; the stipulated fortune was paid into Mick's hands, an hour or two before the priests and the

'squire had arrived, and just as nine or ten pair of young men and women were in view, riding double, and "fiery red with haste" to win the bride's garter. One of the jockeys in this sweepstakes, however, was so intent, as many a greater man has been, on the garter, that he left the companion with whom he started, pillion and all, sprawling on the spot where she had fallen from her seat, and arrived singly at the winning-post; but not having brought up his weight, he was sent back, very properly, for the girl he left behind him. But the secrets of this wedding shall not be disclosed by me. I might be extremely entertaining and communicative on this subject, if I thought proper to indulge my humour, and could relate many things which occurred at it; for instance, how, when the cloth was taken off, the plate of cake was handed round, first to the landlord, who took a bit, and laid down a guinea in its stead, and how crowns and half-crowns emulously followed, in contribution to the priest's fees; and how Father Murphy drank a blessing to the newly married couple, in a bumper out of his own bottle, which nobody else presumed to meddle with; and how the bride's heart thumped against her ribs when she got up to dance before the gentlemen, and how gracefully she did "heel and toe," and

“covered the buckle,” and “cut it across;” and how Nick Moran’s animal spirits evaporated in frequent kicks, introduced among his more regular capers, on that part of his own body which at other times he used for sitting on, and which he would have very decidedly disapproved of any one else saluting in the same manner; and how Tom Duff came for the coadjutor to marry him to Mary Donohoe, although he had promised the day before to have Biddy Doyle, and how Biddy got over her disappointment by taking Pat Whelan, not to let the pairing season pass over, and this the last night of it; and how the coadjutor had afterwards to perform the same ceremony for Mr. Bruce’s four dairy-maids and their lads; and how tired both their reverences were from all the duty they had discharged in this way during the two days and nights preceding; and how Father Murphy’s watch was an hour slower on this night, just to keep within canonical hours; and how the same accident, as to time, had annually happened at the same hour, for half a century preceding; and how he rode home on his own horse that night, which was remarkable, as he was a very absent man, and usually mounted the first horse that was brought to him, provided that he was a steady, sober-going beast, like his own, and somewhat

of the same altitude and colour; and how Mick Kinshella, when he was retiring to the bridal bed-room, escaped from the volley of cabbage-stalks which was prepared for him, by cleverly throwing his coat and waistcoat over Nick Moran, who was drunk in a corner of the kitchen, and only roused to sensibility by receiving on his own person the whole discharge of the vegetable artillery which had been designed, according to custom, as a *feu de joie* for the body of the bridegroom; and many other events of that wedding I could also narrate, if I chose to do so; but I won't disclose a single particular that happened, because, even if I had been there, (and no matter whether I was there or not,) I make it a point of honour to keep all matrimonial secrets to myself. I will, therefore, wish all the party, including you, my dear and respected readers, a good night's rest; and I too will take a nap until the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

The commencement of Mick Kinshella's farm management, under his landlord's directions—the building and occupation of his house.

DURING the year which they passed with their respective parents, our new-married folks were industriously employed. Mick having hired an able young fellow to assist him for a month or two, commenced his mud-walled house, and Joanny plied the wheel, (she had sown half a rood of flax on her father's land during the preceding year,) until she had as much thread spun as furnished her with a good supply of strong sheets and table-cloths; she also spun two stones of wool for blankets, and made up cheap calico curtains for the bed and window of the intended sleeping-room, as neatly as if they had been executed by the monitress-general of the Education Society's model school in Dublin, which confessedly sends out some excellent hands, at all kinds of needlework; nor did she allow this occupation to prevent her from keeping Mick's shirts and stockings in good order, nor even from adding a few pair to his supply.

Mr. Bruce had recommended that their united

fortunes should be deposited in a saving bank, and only taken out as necessity required, a plan of good management from which the young couple afterwards derived profit and comfort. The building of the house, however, cost a smart sum in the first instance: and the hire of the man, during Mick's busy time, came to four pounds, besides the sum expended in the purchase of an ass and cart, and a good heap of dung, and some lime, from a neighbour who was going to America, which, when paid for, left very little in the bank, but still the *nest egg* was there, a matter of great moment to the thrifty and provident.

Mick at first had thought of buying a horse, but when Mr. Bruce shewed him that his capital would be totally sunk by doing so, and that the farm could never afford such an incumbrance, he adopted the plan of buying the ass for drawing the manure from the emigrant's farm, and materials for roofing and thatching the house from the wood, and his father's bawn, where he got the straw for nothing.

The first piece of farming work was to level the furze fences, (if crumbling and uneven banks deserve the name,) which, during the time of his grandfather and father, had, at different times, on one foolish plea or another,

been raised to divide and subdivide the ill-tilled and dirty fields which they enclosed. By this process the *tenth* part of his land, previously lost to any useful purpose, was brought into cultivation, and not an inch of his four acres (the total quantity of the little farm) left useless, and as much furze stumps and fagots were collected from these levelled fences, as afterwards supplied half a year's fuel.

While Mick was engaged in throwing down these mouldering banks, Mr. Bruce rode into the field, for this gentleman was constantly encouraging and directing the rural improvements on his estate, as well as promoting the household comforts of his tenants; and seemed highly pleased with Mick's economy of his land, and took the opportunity of explaining to him, that the only parts of those ditches* then valuable, were the tops and sides, though they had originally formed the worst part of them; he pointed out the fact, that if a bank be made for the purpose of a fence, suppose four or five feet wide at bottom, and diminishing to three at top, the stuff of which that bank (or ditch) is made, will, in the course of no great number of years, entirely alter its nature and condition; for in the

* Hibernicé.

construction of the bank, all the productive soil is at the bottom, and all the unproductive in the upper part; yet, after a lapse of years, when it comes to be levelled, the qualities or characters of its constituent parts will be found exactly reversed; the top will have become mellow and kindly soil, and all parts of it *which were not too far removed from the action of the air,** will be found to have improved, while even the fertile surface, or rather the surface which had been fertile when the bank was built, will be found to have changed its texture, to have become hard and stiff, and to have forfeited all claim to fertility. Mr. Bruce, therefore, advised Mick to lay off the upper part and sides of his old broken ditches, (the dykes of which were very narrow, and not deep,) and to dig the foundation part of the bank pretty deeply, filling up the small dykes with part of it, and covering the entire of the levelled surface with what had been laid aside; and assured his young tenant, that when the whole mass should have been exposed for two or three years, by repeated diggings, to the influence of the air, with the addition of some enriching substances, those new

* Have any philosophic agriculturists satisfactorily accounted for this?

parts of his fields would become as productive as any other.

“But here,” continued Mick’s landlord, pointing to half an acre of wet land, “you have something to do. Is there a spring in this place to be cut off? or has an under drain been closed? For surely it cannot have been left by your father and grandfather in this unprofitable state, without some effort to drain it?”

Mick, however, honestly stated, that it had never been thought *worth while* by his predecessors to mend such a *small patch*, (although they would at once have gone to law if a square yard had been damaged, or encroached on by a neighbour,) which had been found to answer grazing purposes well enough in summer. It appeared that there was no spring to be cut off, but that a stiff impenetrable bottom prevented the surface waters from soaking downwards; that, while in winter it was in a state of mortar, in dry seasons it was too hard, and apt to open in cracks, until saturated again with water.

“You must treat this,” said Mr. Bruce, “in the Gloucestershire way. Lay it in ridges, thirty feet wide, a few of which will include all the diseased part, and raise them to the height of three or four feet in the centre.”

Mick, who though he had never seen or heard

of such highly elevated and broad ridges, had judgment enough to enquire if corn crops would ripen evenly on land so formed, the sunny and sheltered side being likely to ripen sooner than that which would be exposed to the prevailing winds, and less open to the sun.

“It is true,” said the landlord, “and I give you credit for your enquiry, that one side will ordinarily produce a better crop than the other, *but on the whole*, the return from a field so managed will be much greater than from ridges laid in a flatter form, with a *much greater number* of furrows, which, from being always under water in wet weather, will never yield anything but sour grass in summer. Take your spade and shovel,” continued he, “throw off *all* the corn earth, or upper soil, into rows, at the distances I have recommended; then shape the hard under clay, in the intermediate space, into ridges, four feet high in the centre, (work, in short, as if you were making a *road*, except in making your ridges much higher than for that purpose,) and then spread the earth which you had removed, equally over this new surface: by this mode of treatment you will render your land *perfectly* dry at all times, which, with such an under soil, could not be the case, even if drains were cut in it as close as the bars of a gridiron ;

and all your upper soil will be of uniform depth; and when once these ridges are formed, they are completed for ever."

X At the same time, this judicious gentleman explained to Mick, that in *dry* land, ridges being only necessary to mark out the land for the operations of the plough, it is better to have them, on such soil, of the breadth of twelve or fifteen feet, which will answer equally for drill and for broadcast sowing, the sower being able, at one cast, to throw the seed on the entire ridge, which afterwards is covered by the harrow at a single draught. "These," proceeded he, "my good fellow, are matters of close calculation in England, where even the number of turnings in drawing furrows may be of importance in the expense. By such *little farmers* as you and your father are, these things are not considered, the difference being trifling in labour and expense; but in England, where there are no such occupiers, these points are narrowly looked into."

"But, sir," demanded Mick, "do they make the wide ridges in England on the wet soils, and where I hear the fields are so desperate big entirely, with spades and shovels, or with ploughs?"

"With ploughs," said Mr. Bruce, "drawn by four or five large horses or bullocks, (often

more than are necessary,) which are able to force through the stiff lands, and, by repeated ploughings, *gather* the ridges in the centre. But depend on it, that when such a *small* holder as you are has to execute this work, the spade and shovel will be the best and cheapest instruments.

Mick had no reason to question this, particularly as he had the satisfaction of knowing that the price of a horse was saved, that there was no outgoing for hay or oats, and that he had health and strength to use the spade and shovel, which ate and drank nothing.

In occasional conversations of this kind, Mick acquired much solid knowledge from his benevolent landlord, which he immediately applied to practice, to the surprise of his neighbours, who could not be persuaded that he was not making a fool of himself by changing the *ould method*. One notion, however, quickly got into their heads, namely, that he was only trying to humour the master, and that all his losses (for losses they anticipated as certain,) would be made good by him. But this never proved to be the case, because Mick became a gainer, and not a loser, by following the new system recommended to him; and Mr. Bruce, on principle, abstained from giving any undue advantages to this man, whom he designed for a model to his

other small holders. It is true, that he gave a fair and accommodating time for paying up the rent; and in this way was more indulgent to him than he would have been, had Mick's general habits been different, and his husbandry practices unimproving.

I shall now leave Mick and his wife, (who, with the addition of a new-born infant, took possession of their house precisely at the end of a year after their marriage,) and pass on to some other matters, without, however, losing sight of these favorites.

CHAPTER III.

Nick Moran, his character, and that of his wife—Nick sells a pony to a quaker at a fair—the sudden improvement of his house—the house-warming—the riot which succeeded—its results.

MICK KINSHELLA had a married neighbour, Nick Moran, introduced to the reader's notice in the first chapter, a man of very different character from himself. Several years before this time, Nick had been left by his father a well-stocked farm of twenty acres, which, by continued care and assiduity, had become extremely productive; he also found fifty pounds in a well-tied old leathern case, which had long been the bearer of his treasure, and which, for safety, knowing how many fingers were itching for it, he always carried in his breeches-pocket. But, unfortunately, Nick married, as soon as he became his own master, a young woman, who, though of no very bad character in the main, was yet an idle, extravagant slattern, never found to a certainty at home, except when lying-in, if wake, or funeral, or *patron*, or gathering of any kind, was within her reach.

Nick himself had been always a roystering

blade, fond of company and sport, yet shrewd and cunning in some things; a good judge of cattle, and a keen hand at a bargain, for his father had been in the habit of sending him as a cattle-jobber to distant fairs, to purchase cows or pigs, which they often afterwards sold to advantage. The habits of tippling which Nick had contracted in his rambling excursions, owing, in a great degree, to a very evil custom among his humble countrymen, of never buying or selling without the whiskey-bottle, as a party, did not contribute any good qualities to his character; and to render matters worse, his wife was a tea-drinker, and a company-keeper in his absence, occasionally pilfering a bag of potatoes, a stone of meal, or a barrel of oats, for the publican, or the huxter who supplied her with tea and sugar, whiskey and tobacco. The candle was thus melting at both ends, and every thing went wrong *within* the house, and *without* it. The fields in which the job cattle were confined between one fair and another, were poached in *wet* weather; the fences were broken down, and left so; the drains were choked up, and not cleared again; the crops were half weeded; in a word, every thing denoted carelessness, mismanagement, and want of economy. The fifty pounds at length went to clear off rent and

arrears, which had been accumulating for three years, and the cattle vanished also. The last struggle which Nick made to replace them was in vain, and so it deserved to be. He had picked up, for two pounds, an abominably vicious, untractable little pony, that would neither lead nor drive, unless when overpowered by flogging and fatigue, and its determination to draw anything was insuperable. Nick, however, contrived to force the animal to a very distant fair, and to exhibit him, his own long legs astride on him all the time, at the green where horses were ranged for sale. It soon happened that one of the Society of Friends, attracted by the excellent points of the animal, enquired his price; but the bargain shall be stated exactly as it was made, in the presence of a crowd of petty horse-dealers.

Friend.—What will thee take for thy pony?

Nick.—Fifteen guineas, your honour.

Friend.—Don't honour me; "honour to whom honour." But won't thee take less?

Nick.—(Scratching his head, and considering, perhaps, that the quaker was not to be huxtered with.) May be I might give a good luck-penny.

Friend.—But, first, will he draw a car, or little carriage? Thee must engage him.

Nick.—Och! *let him alone* for that.

Friend.—Will thee warrant him to plough?

Nick.—To plough, is it? I tell you what I'll warrant—that car, cart, and plough, *are all alike* to him. (*Aside.* The devil a one of 'em will the same baste ever put his back under.) And I won't ax the money till you get on his back and try him, how pleasant and aisy he travels. For Nick knew very well that the pony was sobered enough by this time to carry any person; and quietly and smoothly did he now move under the "*friend*," who, finding no reasonable fault with him, at once offered the sum which, on coming to the fair, he had intended to expend in the purchase of horse-flesh—ten pounds—a very old saddle and bridle included in the bargain.

Nick.—Why, then, if I take ten guineas this day for him, may I be—

Friend.—If thee swears, thee may keep thy horse. I'll give thee no more. (*Going.*)

Nick.—Well, well, you're a quaker, sure enough, then, and I must be at a word with you. You must give me a luck-penny, anyhow, to drink.

Friend.—I'll give thee a shilling to refresh thyself, but don't thee exceed.

After Nick had reiterated his protestations of the pony's excellencies, the simple and upright

quaker paid him his money, which Nick might have carried home, had not his besetting sin assailed him in a critical moment. There was a tent hard by; the luck-penny was in his hand; in went Nick, and changed not only his shilling, but a pound-note afterwards; and there he remained for that day, and part of the succeeding one, until some acquaintances of the quaker, witnesses of the bargain, came in with a constable, took Nick before a magistrate, proved to the engagement, *implied*, though not, perhaps, expressed in the straightest form of words, and obliged him to surrender the purchase-money. ten shillings of which, however, had been spent in the tent, where the fascinations of a drunken piper had so long detained him.

Nick's dishonesty, for such his conduct really was in principle, however disguised by the *trickery* of words, and the character of his pony being now completely *blown* through the fair, our unfortunate jobber had to come home again just as he went, only that the pony died on the road, from ill-usage and exhaustion.

The *gale*-day soon came round again, and Nick was at length ejected from his farm, and glad to find shelter for himself and his family in a wretched cabin, on the road-side, with a small potato-garden behind it, for which he was

charged, by a man almost as poor as himself, only four times its value.

He was ever afterwards, as may be supposed, in one perplexity or another, from his total want of discretion, economy, and self-restraint; careless, idle, and improvident, while his potatoes lasted; compelled, when they were consumed, which was usually at the end of December, to slave unremittingly, in order to preserve himself from beggary; and still there was no trusting him with a shilling in his pocket, although that shilling was earned by the sweat of his brow.

Mr. Bruce, in the hope of his reformation, and seeing that he was occasionally a laborious and ready workman, often employed him, and he was perhaps inclined to judge favourably of him now, from having observed certain indications of a desire in Nick and his wife for comfort and cleanliness. These symptoms appeared from their having renewed the thatch of the hovel with tolerable trimness, dashed and whitewashed its walls, and inserted windows where there had been only apertures before, so small as to require no other shutter at night than a wisp of straw, or the tattered breeches, out of which Nick had slipped on tumbling into bed; and above all, by their having filled up, for a cabbage garden, the green and stagnant pool which had

long been in front of the door. All these improvements had been effected by Nick's energy and assiduity, within a single week, the *materials* having been supplied by Mr. Bruce. The Morans, however, in all this had something farther in view than merely pleasing their employer; they speculated (or rather Nick speculated, for his wife, *sobered* by continued misery, disliked the scheme, as tending to excite Mr. Bruce's disapprobation,) on making a guinea or two, and a belly-full of whiskey to boot, by the contributions of their friends; his plan was to invite every neighbour, cousin, and well-wisher, within six miles of him, to a subscription house-warming, to collect within his metamorphosed habitation all those who were willing to pay for every tumbler of bad punch, and worse tea, which might be served out to them in the course of a winter's night. Such was the *short cut* by which Nick's *cunning* and *idleness*, combined with a love of company and drink, expected to accumulate what *diligence* and *temperance* alone can acquire.

Nick's invitations were answered by few apologies; some came from love of drinking, some from love of gossiping, many from the love of whiskey, which the entertainer's taste gave reason to expect in abundance, and a few, but

very few, alas ! from the simple motive of assisting the Morans with their money.

The rooms, kitchen and bed-room, (and, by the way, there were three or four children in the measles huddled into a corner of the latter,) were filled as well as Nick's hopes could have anticipated; and the piper, and the whiskey, and the tobacco, were in as great demand as if every man in the room had his landlord's receipt in his pocket, a very problematical point, at least with most of them. For a considerable portion of the night all was good-humour and pleasantry; but at last, as ill-luck would have it, Brien Foley, the blacksmith, who had got the *cross sup* in him, revived an old quarrel with Jemmy Cassidy, the carpenter, a man remarkable for his great size* and good humour; but on this occasion his temper was tried beyond the limits of endurance, as will appear in the sequel. Brien, whose fist, in the course of his passion, came in contact as forcibly with Jemmy Cassidy's nose as if he had been sledging his anvil, applied an epithet so very galling to the heart of the carpenter, as to make him return the blow with interest. This brought on a rejoinder in

* One of those Irish giants, whose portraiture was well conveyed by the following description: "Plaze your honour, a boy that would pull a bullock out of a bog."

kind; Brien struck Jemmy, and Jemmy floored Brien; Brien's wife ran at Jemmy, and Jemmy's sister pummelled her again; party formed against party; every one striking at his particular opponent, except Nick, who, being too drunk to discriminate, struck at random amongst them all. Luckily for the children, the combatants rushed into the road, which was soon a scene of clamour and contention; stools and tables torn asunder, pots and pot-hooks, kettle and frying-pan, were all in requisition; blows and screams, curses and oaths, mixed together in undistinguishable uproar, were the sounds which that night broke the rest of the few orderly persons who had staid at home, and gone to bed quietly.

But let us take a peep at Nick's house the next day, and see whether matters were improved by the speculations of the past night. The very few articles of furniture which the Morans had possessed, were broken; the whiskey keg, a borrowed one too, was staved to pieces; cups and saucers were smashed; and, alas! disturbed by the riot of the night, the closeness and impurity of the air, the pungent fumes of tobacco, and the punch which had been given to them from mistaken kindness, the miserable children were considerably worse. Nick himself was stretched, only half dressed, and still half drunk,

on the bedstead; his wife sat crying by the childrens' side, alternately accusing herself for the catastrophe, and calculating the probable proceeds of the past night, for much had been sold on credit, and, in the confusion of the fight, the leg of the table, on which she had scored her accounts, was shivered into a hundred fragments, and scattered on the high-way: it was, therefore, impossible to arrange her accounts; and worse, far worse than this, her mind was now reproaching her for her childrens' condition, which was obviously most alarming.

Things were in this state when a policeman abruptly entered the house. Molly Moran's heart sunk within her as she aroused her husband, and tremblingly asked the visiter what he had come for. "To give your husband a summons to attend the petty sessions at Farnashe-shery, next Wednesday," said the sub-constable.

Nick was now sufficiently aroused to be frightened, and to enquire into the nature of the charge against him.

"It is for selling spirits," said the official messenger, "without a licence."

"God help you, Nick, and all of us," exclaimed the repentant Molly; "and bad luck to the hour when you thought of this unlucky party! Oh! what will become of me and my

childer," sobbed out the unfortunate mother, as she threw herself on the only bed, and that one of straw, which the house afforded, and buried her face in her apron.

The summons having been duly served, the policeman departed, but not before he had driven away to the pound (as if to verify the old saying, that "misfortunes come seldom alone,") Nick's only pig, which, without a ring in its nose, was operating upon the sides of the road, in a way very unlikely to please the supervisor or the public.

CHAPTER IV.

Scene at the petty sessions of Farnasheshery—Nick Moran and some of his company sent to the tread-mill.

WEDNESDAY at length arrived; and, at the appointed hour, the two magistrates, on whom usually devolved the decision of every case which the love of law could by any ingenuity bring before them, entered the session's room. One of them was Mr. Bruce, the other Mr. Geele, the most intelligent and judicious magistrate of his district, the umpire of all differences, the counsellor of all parties; clear in his investigations, humane in his judgment, and systematic in his proceedings. Such were the qualifications of Mr. Geele, who on this day, an important one to Nick Moran and some of his guests, acted as chairman, a distinction which was usually offered to him. The magistrates and clerk being seated, the chief and sub-constables in attendance, and the people admitted, the court proceeded to business.

Bench.—Call the first case.

Clerk.—Mr. Gilbert Finem against Nicholas Moran, of Drumadeclough, farmer, for selling

spirits without a licence, on Monday night, December 2d.

Bench.—State your complaint, Mr. Finem.

Guager.—I have received information that Nicholas Moran sold some gallons of whiskey in his house, last Monday night, without a licence.

Bench.—Moran, what have you to say to this?

Nick.—Plaze your worship, I defy man, woman, or child, to say that I handled a penny that same night for *sperits*.

Guager.—Will your worship ask him what his wife was selling that night, and scoring with chalk on the leg of the table.

Bench.—Answer that question, Moran.

Nick.—I'll make your worships sensible, and I'll tell the truth; and Mr. Bruce, God bless him! knows that I wouldn't tell a lie for the whole world. Molly was noting down, just for her satisfaction, on the leg of the table, the number of dishes of *tay* that Judy Flynn and the rest of the womankind were after sweetening, bekase, you see, they were sitting up with us that night, on account of the children being bad with the measles; and, by the same token, one of them is mighty bad entirely to-day. I'll give my oath that I sould nothing (and 'twasn't I, but my wife, all the time,) but *tay*. Not a

drop of *sperits* crossed the threshold of my door that day, and why should it when the law is again it? I'll swear to that.

Bench.—You are not required to criminate yourself by any admission, nor can you defend yourself in this way; if the court were to allow you to take what you call a clearing oath, you would be unquestionably perjured in this case. How could you, unprincipled man that you are, swear that no whiskey crossed your door that day, when you know that it did, or perhaps the day before.

Nick.—No plaze your worship, nor any other day this month past, I'll take my bodily oath of that.

Guager.—The whiskey was seen *going* into his house for sale.

Bench.—Where's your witness, Mr. Finem.

Guager.—I cant persuade him to appear.

Bench.—Then he shall be fined 10*l*. (To the clerk,) Let the fine be entered. You are an incorrigible fellow Nick, but perhaps we may have you by and by.—Call the next case.

Clerk.—James Cassidy against Brien Foley for using a malicious and slanderous expression against him, in Nick Moran's house on Monday night, the 2nd of December, and also for an assault.

Bench.—Cassidy take the book—now state what you have to complain of.

Cassidy.—Plaze your worships, there was a small party of betewkst 50 or 49, (I wont prove to more than 49, barring the childer are to be counted.)

Bench.—Don't mind unnecessary particulars, come to the point.

Cassidy.—There was, as I was obsarving, betewkst 49 or 50 of us in the two rooms, very pleasant and neighbourlike together, taking a tumbler of punch to sarve Nick Moran's new house, I mean the new ould house, bekaze he had to buy windys and to put up a chimley.

Bench.—What do you mean by serving Nick Moran's house?

Cassidy.—Giving him the benefit plaze your honor, of the whiskey.

Bench.—Do you mean that you paid him for the whiskey?

Cassidy.—No, plaze your honor, by no means, it was for the punch only we paid—that is, we owe him for it.

Bench.—By virtue of your oath did you understand that the punch there was to be paid for?

Cassidy.—Every sup your honor, barring what Nick drank himself, and why not? sure we're on honor to pay now, that the score stick is broke.

Bench.—(To the Guager.) This will prove your case, clerk make out a conviction for Nick Moran.

Cassidy.—Bad luck to this tongue, 'twasn't to bring Nick Moran (my own wife's half sister's son) into trouble, I was intending—quite the contrary your worships, I have no more to say. (retiring).

Bench.—Stay, you have not told one word of your own affair yet—What's your complaint against Foley?

Cassidy.—Sure enough—why then plaze your honour, I'd rather not be axed about Foley's business, it's enough to be an informer, in spite of one's self too, wanst in a day.—Foley riz the skrimmage, that's all.

Bench.—Oh, since you have nothing more to say, we dismiss the case, with costs against you, sixpence the summons—a shilling—the——

Cassidy.—Will I have to pay for the summons your honour?

Bench.—Certainly, if you have nothing to prove against the person you have summoned.

Cassidy.—Why then your worship if that's the case, I'll tell you all about it from first to last, and I'll be on my oath——

Bench.—You're on your oath already.

Cassidy.—Well then I'll be on my oath again

and leave it to my dying hour, that Brien Foley used a slanderous and terrible word against my character, that is not fit to be repeated before your honours and the people.

Bench.—Come, sir, don't keep us here all day, what did he say?

Cassidy.—Why then, saving your presence, he called me before 100 people—

Bench.—You said just now there were only between forty-nine and fifty (whatever number that may be) present—take care.

Cassidy.—You're right, I stand corrected your worship—well then before fifty of the neighbours—he called me—but would'nt it be dacent plaze your worships to send the women out of coort—the young girls any way, the ould ones a'nt so delicate.

To this suggestion, so very creditable to Jemmy Cassidy's delicacy, the worthy magistrates readily assented. The court was accordingly cleared of all females. And after the confusion which this occasioned had subsided, the complainant stated that Foley after having called him nearly twenty times a gimlet eyed rascal (Cassidy squinted a little) and a rogue and a liar, which he didn't much mind, as Foley had the cross sup in him, at last called him a—~~X~~GOLUMPUS.~~X~~

Here there was an indication of merriment in

the court, in which to say the truth, the Bench were constrained to participate, and this did not diminish when Mr. Bruce drily informed poor Cassidy that *Golumpus* was not an actionable word—humorously asserting that it was compounded of *Goliah* the Giant, and *Olympus* the Mountain, and therefore must mean a *Man-Mountain*, so, added his worship, instead of making *little* of you, as you had imagined, the defendant has been really making the *most* of you—We, are however, to consider the assault.

Cassidy.—I don't care about that, since my character is cleared. I believe he got as good as he gave—so if your worships are willing to excuse him, why I won't be the one to spake again him—forget and forgive is the word with me.

Bench.—You act like a man and a christian, but the offence is against the law in your person, and the law must be satisfied. We are clear that an assault has been committed by the defendant—aggravated too by drunkenness and bad temper, which intoxication always excites in him. We shall punish Brien Foley by committing him to gaol for one month.

After this matter had been disposed of, several charges were preferred for assault and riot, all concurring to prove that much whiskey had been

sold in Moran's house, that this whiskey had caused the 'skrimmage,' and that the 'skrimmage' had occasioned all the law cases which had come before the magistrates at Farnasheshery that day.

Mr. Geele having ranged Nick Moran and the other prisoners before him, addressed them in the following terms:—

“Nick Moran, we have given every consideration to your case, and would willingly lessen your punishment, for the sake of your helpless family, not on your own account, because you have added to your first offence by a gross and deliberate lie, in having so boldly denied that a drop of spirits had crossed the threshold of your door, at the time when it was known to be taken in.”

(Here Nick protested that he had told the truth, because the whiskey was admitted not over the threshold, but through a window.) “And this you call telling truth? endeavouring to deceive by the mere sound and play of words, well knowing that the meaning which you intended that your words should convey, is widely different from the truth, and consequently a lie in disguise, which is just as base as if told in a more direct way, for the falsehood is not lessened by the mode of conveying it: you stand therefore here as a convicted liar, and “lying lips are an abomination to the Lord,” who cannot be deceived. Unfortu-

nately for you, but happily for the community, the law empowers us to send you to gaol for one calendar month, and if you come before us again, we shall deal more severely with you.—None are allowed to sell those intoxicating spirits to which so many evils are attributable, but those who are under the controul of the law, and who are responsible for every disorderly offence committed within their houses, and we have no authority to alter one tittle of that salutary act. We are but agents of the law, and owe to our consciences and to our country the duty of enforcing it.”

“What are the results of your offence? separation from your wife and children—from those whom it is your duty to guard and watch over, and oh! with what feelings must you now leave those children in a malady which we are informed may render you fatherless, (here Nick sobbed aloud,) aggravated greatly by the crowded state of your rooms on Monday night. Many of your friends and neighbours are involved in the consequences of your transgression, and must exchange the honorable labours of honest industry at home, so essential to their support for the disgraceful drudgery of the Tread Mill. Few of your class of life can be trusted with intoxicating liquors, more especially in crowds; you cannot control your turbulent passions when acting under their

influence, and you know not when to take the maddening poison from your lips, after you have once tasted it. Think not that we should not feel happy in seeing the poor man joyful, or that we should visit him with penalties which the rich man might escape. But innocent and moderate enjoyment of any pleasures, is widely distinct from the abuse of them. Wherever excess is, there is guilt.—Wherever the laws of temperance are broken, whether in the palace or the hut, there—is immorality. We delight in seeing you under the influence of social merriment, where no vice is mingled with that mirth, but when mirth becomes riot, when harmony becomes discord, when blows succeed to words, when oaths and curses take place of sober converse, the ministers of God's and your country's laws must interfere to punish the violation of them. You, Nick Moran, are committed to the county gaol, since you are unable to pay even the mitigated penalty, for one month, there to be kept at hard labour. And we shall take informations against you, Brien Foley, who appear to have been the aggressor in this riot, and shall require good bail for your appearance at the next quarter sessions, where we hope to attend in order to represent your character and conduct in proper colours."

CHAPTER V.

Characters of the Schoolmaster and his Wife.


AMONG the advantages which resulted from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce at Farnasheshery, was to be reckoned the establishment of two excellent schools, male and female—the latter under the special superintendence of Mrs. Bruce, who was an object of general and unbounded admiration, not only to the rustics around her, but also to the more refined classes of the gentry who visited occasionally at the “great house;” nor was it matter of wonder that she should be so highly estimated, for to all the charms and graces of womanhood, she added the essentials of a cultivated understanding, a benevolent heart, and the utmost activity and perseverance in the execution of every good and useful work—she was a christian in principle, and her life was a commentary on her profession.

George Edwards and his wife, the Master and Mistress of the schools, were exemplary teachers—George who had seen much of the world in his earlier days when a petty officer in the Royal Navy of Great Britain, in which service he had occasionally acted as schoolmaster to the “young

gentlemen" of the cockpit, had a mind admirably well informed and enlightend for his situation in life, and greatly elevated above the vulgar prejudices, superstitions, and characteristic habits of the general run of his countrymen. He had married his wife in America, while on the Halifax station, during the last war with that country, where, when occasionally on shore, he had experienced the hospitalities of her family, who continued them with such disinterested generosity after he had been shipwrecked and deprived of all the property he had previously possessed, that he fell like a grateful and warm-hearted tar, over head and ears in love with *Miss Clarke*, who consented to accompany him to his native Ireland, where Mr. Bruce found him out and made proposals sufficiently tempting to induce him and his wife to become the managers and teachers of the Farnasheshery schools.

Edwards had very narrowly escaped with life from the shipwreck referred to, and the devout impressions made upon his mind by the mercy of God, who had preserved his life in circumstances so very critical and awful, were deep and permanent, yet he had never at any period of his life partaken of the recklessness and inconsideration so general among seamen—though now forty years of age, he retained much of the

enthusiasm (and who is worth any thing without some tincture of it?) of his earlier days, and in the ardour with which he pursued his present duties, he exhibited an accurate specimen of the complete schoolmaster; he never lost an opportunity of conveying instruction, though sometimes his zeal and professional characteristics would show themselves under circumstances almost ludicrous—for instance—when at one time he had been affected so violently with inflammation in his chest, as to require bleeding, he sent for the boys of his head class, to whom he had been giving some scientific lectures, in order that they might see the parabolic curve in which the blood flowed from his arm, which he contracted and extended occasionally, for the mere purpose of making his pupils familiar with all the varieties of angles—right—obtuse, and acute, which the movement of his elbow joint enabled him to describe in different degrees, at pleasure; the moment his arm was tied up he proceeded to something else—instructive or entertaining—in short he never lost an *opportunity* of communicating the knowledge he possessed—once indeed, and but once did mischief result from his philosophical propensities. To show the powerful effects of confined air, he had corked up a bit of unslacked lime, (first dropping a little



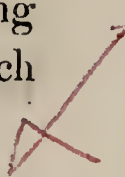
water on it,) in a stone bottle, which he then thoughtlessly shut up in his oven—when the air was disengaged from the lime, it burst not only the bottle, its immediate prison, but the oven itself, and with it the greater part of the chimney, which happily only killed an unfortunate cat which had been reclining on the *hob*—with the possession of such information as was peculiarly calculated to excite the wonder and admiration of the peasantry about him, he was singularly free from the pomposity and self-importance, so generally indicative of the pedagogue. His language was simple and unaffected, and his habits precisely suited to his office; he was really too well informed, not to feel how ignorant is man at best, and too prudent to indulge in the petty dogmatism which so often marks the scholastic tribe.

There was one kind of knowledge which he pursued with unceasing diligence, because without it he “counted all things loss”—“the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ,” which causing him as it did to “grow in grace,” rendered him “fruitful in every good work,” his actions critically corresponded with his professions, and never violated the spirit of amity which was deeply infused into his heart; when a sense of duty compelled him to chastize, or severely reprimand a

transgressing pupil, he felt sorrow, not anger at the delinquent's fall.

Divided, as his scholars were, into Protestant and Roman Catholic, he carefully abstained from offending those from whom he differed in religious views; instead of attacking their ignorance, and prejudices, or insulting their superstitions (the surest mode of perpetuating their errors,) he went, though without any compromise of principle to the utmost limits of toleration—he never imposed an arbitrary obligation, forced the recognition of his own doctrines, nor directed a *blind* obedience to his authority—the consequence of which conduct was, that all his pupils loved and respected him; his urgent and animating exhortations led many of them to practical virtue, and the few who deservedly trembled at his reprehension, were ultimately reclaimed from their immoralities.

The outlines of his wife's character are easily and quickly sketched—she was a smart, clever, and bustling little woman—a good reader, and expert at all kinds of needlework, from simple sewing up to satin stitch; of a pious, contented, and happy disposition, and like her husband devoted to the avocations of the school; tidy in her own person, and waging uncompromising war with dirt and cobwebs. Where is such another couple to be found?



CHAPTER VI.

The Schools—Male and Female.

The schools mentioned at the commencement of the last chapter were not of the ordinary kind. Sensible of the defective husbandry on his property, Mr. Bruce resolved to afford an opportunity of improvement to every one of his tenants—he accordingly appropriated ten acres of excellent land for the purpose of a *model* farm, attached to the schools, in which every description of suitable crop was neatly and judiciously cultivated by the sons of his tenantry who attended the school. The general instructions were issued either by Mr. Bruce himself, or his steward, and Edwards saw that these orders were implicitly executed. This farm soon became perfect in every way—with its little offices—cows—pigs—and two asses, which drew a light drilling plough, and small scotch carts, it presented a very desirable model to the small holders around.

The hours for school instruction, and occupation were alternate—in summer, from six

to eight, work—then breakfast—afterwards from half past eight to twelve, school—then dinner, (provided as well as the morning meal, from the produce of their field)—after dinner, school for an hour—then work until six, when the scholars were dismissed for their suppers and beds at home. In winter, they breakfasted at their own homes—school from eight to ten—afterwards work if dry, until twelve—then dinner, and an hour in school—then work again until dark.—Thus the labours of the field were a wholesome and pleasing mode of bodily exercise; and the school a channel of agreeable relaxation.

In the school-room, the boys were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and according to their ages and capacities, geometry, mensuration, surveying, plan drawing, agricultural chemistry, and a little botany. They were made to calculate the quantities of seed, and the probable value and produce of crops, and their best rotations, and learned the natures and properties of manure, as suited to different soils.

In the field, the whole routine of draining, ploughing, digging, trenching, planting, weeding, hoeing, reaping, and harvesting, &c., was practically taught. And on wet days the lathe and carpenter's tools amused and employed them in the workshop, where they learned how to

make implements of husbandry. Idlers, and irregular attendants were dismissed, and consequently deprived of their landlord's good opinion, while the assiduous and improving had the prospective hope of obtaining farms from him, when they should become qualified to cultivate them to advantage. One fact deserves to be here noticed, as it shows the importance of this kind of education, namely, that if any occasional pettishness, or childish jealousy of preference ever appeared among the scholars, it was totally devoid of party feeling; some of them were of different churches, yet in no case whatever was there even a word expressed or implied on any side that could wound religious feeling, or momentarily interrupt the mutual cordiality which so uniformly and so happily prevailed; their unexceptionable conduct in most instances, thanks to the indefatigable Edwards, was even in itself alone, an ample recompense to their benefactors for the care and expense, and responsibility incurred on their account; in scarcely any case was corporal punishment inflicted—the dread of public disgrace in graver matters, and the infliction of *fines* in trifling ones, were found to be sufficient instruments of punishment and preventives of impropriety.

It may appear difficult to have trained boys and girls—many of them very young too, to

habits of systematic occupation, yet Edwards and his helpmate contrived to do so ; combining talent with assiduity, authority with mildness, and zeal with patience, they perseveringly watched over all the interests of the school, and strange to tell, made the youngest as well as the oldest pupils work in the field, and apply in school, as cheerfully and earnestly, as if they had been able to foresee all the remote effects of industrious and attentive habits. One of the methods was to divide the business of the farm into several departments of labour, to open a regular account for each, and to debit or credit each boy with merit tickets of fixed and positive value --the pupils lost or gained these rewards, in proportion to their industry or idleness, and took rank in the classes accordingly, and it was invariably found that the dread on one side of *losing caste*, of being placed perhaps in the *fag* or dunce's division, or of being ill received at home, (the books being always open for parental inspection,) and on the other, anxiety to be raised to the highest and most advanced classes, were sufficient motives to exertion. The consequence of this and similar arrangements, was great solicitude among the older boys especially, to establish characters for good conduct at school.

Nor were the advantages of this agricultural school confined merely to the *boys* who attended it—the girls were in turns taught to milk the cows, to keep the dairy utensils in order, to dress dinner for themselves and the boys, (for the girls who thus attended in rotation had their dinner too,) to wash, to make and mend clothes, to brew, and to bake—and they too had their garden, and their *bees* which being lodged in a house of peculiar construction, multiplied exceedingly. Pleasurably did they pass the day in the varied employments of school, and garden, and household duties, and every hour appeared but too short for its appropriate employment. Thus did both sexes of Mr. Bruce's tenantry begin to acquire knowledge suited to the state of life in which they were destined to act—happy in themselves, and a blessing to their friends, and to society. In the school-room or the field every favourable moment for making good and useful impressions, was seized on and turned to account, and a judicious division of time and labour, regulated by seasons and weather, facilitated the teacher's task, and aided the children's progress.

CHAPTER VII.

Inspection of the cottages and farms on Mr. Bruce's estate.

— Those of Mick Kinshella and Dick Doyle, contrasted—

Rotation of crops, and adjudication of premiums—The best method of keeping a pig in its sty.

To stimulate his tenantry to the improvement of their farms, and the cleanliness and even embellishment of their cottages, Mr. Bruce had, two years before this time, proposed annual premiums, which after a very careful and rigid inspection at midsummer, were distributed according to a fixed scale, among those whose houses, fields, gardens, orchards, and cattle, were in the best condition—there was at the same time a minute enquiry into the moral state of each competitor's family, with a well understood condition that no candidate whose children were of proper age to receive benefit from the schools provided for them, should, under any pretences, be excused from neglecting to avail themselves of the advantages which those seminaries afforded.

On one of those days in June, when even in comparatively rude and unimproved districts, the face of nature has that smiling appearance which gladdens the heart of man, which makes

him feel that even merely to exist is happiness—(happiness how infinitely increased, if while his bodily energies are excited by the renovating influence of a cloudless sky, he has reason to feel that at the same time he is dwelling in the sunshine of God's love, and that the rays of divine goodness are beaming on his heart, making his "path as the shining light that shines more and more unto the perfect day!") the Bruces, the Gumbletons, Father Murphy, Doctor O'Neill the medical superintendent of the dispensary, and several strangers invited for the occasion, assembled at the "great house" to breakfast, after which the visiting procession issued forth in all the pomp of visitorial dignity. The list of prizes comprehended many heads:—cottage premiums—green crops—including clover and vetches for summer, and mangel wurzel, turnips, cabbage and rape for winter food—stall feeding—dairy management—hedges—trees, &c. &c. The respective claims being minutely examined into, each successful candidate was classed according to his merit.

The state of Michael Kinshella's house and farm was as follows: first as to the interior of his house; the floors which had been remarkably well and evenly laid with a composition of yellow clay and lime, were as clean as possible;

the dresser well scrubbed, and filled with its pewter garniture, as bright as silver—the tables perfectly clean—a coarse clean piece of rubber cloth hung suspended from a roller for the purpose of wiping the face and hands, before and after meals, a process especially necessary in a labouring family, whose manual operations are so varied and unceasing—the sleeping room, was equally neat and comfortable, its floor boarded, its window opening on hinges to admit the air, its curtain, as well as that of the bed, neatly arranged, the sheets white and clean though coarse, and the quilt (Joanny's patchwork while a spinster) corresponding in cleanliness—there was a decent chest of cherrytree drawers too, and a rack on which Joanny's bonnet and Mick's Sunday clothes were usually hung—nor was the parlour without its appropriate furniture; a cupboard full of cups and saucers, with a somewhat ostentatious display of china plates, broken at the manor house, but ingeniously reunited, and here “wisely kept for shew,” gave an appearance of snugness to the household economy, which was rendered complete by the appearance of two chubby children—the younger just learning to walk, tidily dressed in good strong linsey of home manufacture, and gazing with amazed yet delighted eyes on the group of gentry visitors.

The dairy was next inspected, it was a very little room outside the house, and with a northern aspect, just large enough for the purpose; the small churn, and milk pail, cooler, strainer, wooden bowl and skimming dish, were each and all of them just as they should be, untainted to the smell and perfectly clean to the eye.

The garden before the house was small but well cropped, the walks clean, fruit trees growing in the borders, and the young thorn quicks which had been planted in the breast of the surrounding fence, carefully preserved from weeds; carrots, parsnips, turnips, cabbages, onions and beans thriving well, and in a sheltered corner there stood nine or ten bee-hives.

The outside of the cottage presented a very agreeable appearance, being neatly dashed and coloured; the windows of the cottage were large, and a few hop plants and roses appeared over the front wall, nor were these plants unprofitable, Mick had sold the hops on the preceding year for five shillings, and the roses were taken by a neighbouring Apothecary in exchange for some medicines which the children required—the cow was in her shed feeding most voluptuously on vetches, secure from the attack of the gad-fly and the relaxing effects of a hot sun, and most

liberally adding to the accumulations of the dung-hill—there were two sheep also, confined in a little yard with a covered shed in it, fattening on the refuse of the garden vegetables and clover—a very fat pig in a dry and well littered sty, completed the stock of this improving small holder. Nor were all these matters arranged merely for the day—and then suffered to fall into disorder.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, who had been in the habit of unexpectedly popping in on the Kinshellas, always found them in the same state, they never *embarrassed* these cottagers by a visit, for in their little establishment there was time and place for every thing, and every thing was timed and in its place.

The field, too, which three years before had been in a miserable condition, now showed the effects of skill and industry, it was divided and cropped as follows:—

Acres.	Roods.	Perches.	
1	0	0	Drilled Potatoes.
0	1	0	Turnips.
0	2	0	Clover.
1	1	0	Oats.
0	2	0	Meadow.
0	0	10	Flax.
0	1	0	Orchard.
0	0	30	House, Offices, Yard and Garden.

*No Beet or
Tobacco?*

The lower end of Mick's field, which had been so judiciously drained, was of a moory quality and consequently inclined to grass; this was laid down for meadow, and though but half an acre in extent, it produced as much as supplied his cow in winter, aided by the turnips. According to the proposed premiums, Mick was awarded—

For his House and Garden—the first prize	£2	0	0
Bees,	0	5	0
Clover,	0	10	0
Turnips,	0	10	0
Fences,	0	5	0
Feeding a Cow in House winter and summer,	1	0	0
	<hr/> £4 10 0 <hr/>		

The visitors after expressing their admiration of the Kinshellas, proceeded on their inspection and viewed Tim Gaffney's Cottage, which obtained the second prize. Tim had only a single acre which maintained a cow all the year round, and also produced him a good supply of garden vegetables, and half an acre of *corn* which was better for him than the same quantity of potatoes, because it enabled him, with his cow, to make manure, with which every year he enriched *one-fourth* of his acre; his crops were invariably as follows:—

	A.	R.	F.
Turnips (Swedes) Cabbages, Kitchen Vegetables	0	1	0
Barley,	0	1	0
Clover,	0	1	0
Wheat,	0	1	0
	<hr/>		
	1	0	0
	<hr/>		

Tim obtained prizes also:—

For his House,	£1	0	0
Turnips and other Green Crops, ...	0	10	0
Clover,	0	5	0
Feeding a Cow in House all the year,	1	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£2	15	0
	<hr/>		

He bought a small quantity of hay for his cow in winter, and potatoes from the proceeds arising from the sale of his wheat and barley.

On Dick Doyle's farm, there was a good show of crops, but unfortunately for him joined with a large portion of weeds—there was obviously much appearance of independence and comparative wealth about his farm, but at the same time a very perceptible want of *system* and of cleanliness both in the house and on the exterior premises—things were evidently arranged for the occasion—Dick's wife too was but half fit for receiving the judges; in her hurry she had forgotten to throw off an abominably filthy cap, although she had a new and rather tawdry gown slipped over a flannel petticoat, the tail of which

peeping below it, showed that the garment, of which it formed the lower end, had not been in a wash-tub for many months before.

The cattle, too, instead of feeding on rich and juicy grasses in the cow house and increasing the manure, were very *unprofitably* standing in the middle of a running stream which bounded the farm, and weeds of every kind were growing in the pasture fields. Dick had, in reality, but one objection to the large docks, and luxuriant thistles, namely, that they indicated the richness of the soil, a point which, with true Irish cunning, he studiously laboured to conceal from his landlord, who however took care to observe them, and also to notice the irregularity of the potato drills; “your drills are very crooked, Dick,” “to be sure they are your honor, and I can’t help it” said Dick, “for the ould bound’s ditch beyant, is’nt very strait, and I always plough according to the run of the ditch, but if your honor would be after giving me the next field when Jem Cronin goes to America (and my blessing to him when he goes,) though indeed it’s but a poor worn out piece all the time, I’d thry and make the ditch something straiter;” “but in the mean time” said Mr. Gumbleton, “why don’t you draw a straight line for your drills, and not follow all the windings of the boundary, year after

year; don't you know that the cattle work at great disadvantage when drawing the plough in a curved line instead of a direct one," "why then I don't know, plaze your reverence," replied Dick, "but I believe the horses are so used to it now that they would'nt draw aisy in any other way, and as the ould saying is, 'a crooked loaf may make a straight belly,' if the handful of corn comes up, it's all one which way the furrows run;" "where are your green crops Dick?" enquired one of the judges, "why then sure I have a fine field of clover forenent you there, is'nt that worthy of a premium," said Dick, pointing to a field in which there were certainly symptoms of clover, which had been sown the year before, and would have now afforded luxuriant soiling, had it been *kept up* for the purpose, but from the time that it had begun to peep up in the preceding spring, cows, sheep, horses and pigs had been turned out on it, and on this day it was almost as bare and as red as the high road. Dick's house, however, was in such *tolerable* order, that he was adjudged the lowest rate of reward, viz. 10s.; had he exercised care and judgment in husbandry, he might have been sure of at least half as many pounds as he now received of shillings, not to take into estimation the

certain profits which an improved system would have carried with it.

Many others, however, of Mr. Bruce's tenantry proved on inspection to be much more improving than Dick, but at the same time immeasurably inferior to Michael Kinshella. The last upon the list for a cottage premium was unfortunate Nick Moran, whose house had been so recently trimmed up for the expected remuneration that there was hardly yet time for its decay; the panes of glass were still unbroken, so that there was not need for stopping up vacancies with the remnants of Nick's corderoy unmentionables, the crown of his caubeen, or the tattered fragments of Molly's dirty petticoat.

The little cabbage garden in front was yet untouched by the pig, because the pig had been sold before cabbages had been planted, to support Nick in gaol; and the neighbours' pigs and goats had not found an entrance through the little gate in front, because the bars of that gate had been torn to pieces, in lieu of better weapons, on the memorable night of the "skrimmage," and the passage had been soon stopped up with stones, leaving one or two projecting ones, in the way of style, for the accommodation of those who went in and out; the advantages, indeed, of this style, appeared so obvious to the judges,

that they recommended Nick, whose term of confinement had some time before expired, to *block up* somewhat in the same way, within its sty, the next pig which he might fortunately obtain, as the surest mode of keeping him within bounds, of saving his cabbage plants, and avoiding the sundry fines which would otherwise, in all probability, be consequent on his erratic tendencies.

CHAPTER VIII.

Death of Peter Dempsey, deputy supervisor of roads—His Funeral—Conversations at it—Scene at the burial place.

ABOUT this time Peter Dempsey, whom Mr. Bruce had employed as his deputy supervisor of roads, died; Peter had many friends and relatives in the neighbourhood, this circumstance with his having had the power of giving much regular employment to labourers in repairing eight miles of road, ensured him a crowded funeral. No one would work in the parish on the day of the burial, and men and women, young and old, ugly and pretty, filled the *wake* house for three successive days and nights.

Among the various gossips, who, in straggling parties, either preceded or followed the corpse, many matters besides those connected with the deceased were discussed; and in *one* of those little detached companies, Mr. George Edwards, Dick Doyle, (already introduced to the reader,) and Murphy, who for many years had been in the practice of working near Liverpool, during the harvest seasons, were sauntering along, with Mr. Mac Duncan a Scotch steward, whom Mr. Bruce

had imported for the improvement of his estate; and it would not have been easy in the vast assemblage of people collected on that occasion, to have brought together individuals, whose feelings and habits were more completely different; but let us have their conversation exactly as it proceeded.

Dick Doyle—(looking hard at Murphy) you have a mighty dthrowisy look about you Peter; were you in bed at all last night, my good fellow?

Murphy.—No, nor these three nights, (with a very natural and hearty yawn,) sure I was at the wake, man.

Dick.—What, every night?

Murphy.—Aye, and sorry I am 'tis all over, 'twas the pleasantest wake I ever was at, since ould Katty Dowd's night.

Mr. Mac Duncan.—(A little inquisitive to ascertain the peculiar circumstances which had made Pat Murphy, neither a relative nor a particular friend of the deceased, so very assiduous in his attendance in the wake house,) inquired "why he gaed there sae often?"

Murphy.—For fun, for raal fun, sir—we had the barn full of the boys and girls.

Mac Duncan.—And what were you about there, did the minister lecture? 'twas a favourable opportunity.

Murphy—Lecture agra ! 'twas a quare lecture we had—but I'll tell you all about it Mr. Mac Duncan, since your'e after axing about the wake ; first and foremost some of us sat down to play five and forty, and more of us to hunt the slipper, and more of us to smoke, and more of us to tell stories, and more of us, (this is the truth of it,) were coortin.

Mac Duncan.—What ! in the very hoose, and room with the dead man !

Murphy.—Oh, by no manner of manes (all the voices of the party chimed in here,) the corpse was inside the other house, and the dead wall between us and it.

Mr. Mac Duncan.—And no respect for the widow and the family in grief !

Murphy.—And who hindered them from crying their fill ? and crying they were, poor things, and a good right they had to cry.

Dick—Have you no wakes in your country Mr. Mac Duncan.

Mr. Mac Duncan.—Yes, we have, but not like yours ; none but the relations and the invited friends assemble, and there's no merry making nor sin in the house : na, na, death is a lesson my friends, for young and old.

Murphy.—Maybe you'll tell us then, why you came to Peter Dempsey's berrin to day since you're no ways related to him ?

Mr. Mac Duncan.—Why, when at Rome do as Rome does—but this is one of your idle holy-days, and the men would'nt work, and so I walked out with you, as I had nothing particular to do.

Murphy.—Well, I like *good nature* any how, and if I didn't go to the neighbour's wake, how would I expect they'd come to mine?

Mr. Mac Duncan.—So, your good-nature turns out to be all for yourself in the end.

Edwards.—(For the first time speaking.) True—all this pretended kindness, is selfishness disguised with most of us, lest our poor bodies should not be honored with a mob procession in turn—but did any of the *family* go into the barn, Pat?

Murphy.—Miss Dempsey came out, and used us very dacently poor thing, and bitter was her heart all the time; she sarved out the whiskey herself, and a piece of wheaten bread for them that liked it, four times in the night, and rowls of tobacco, but myself didn't trouble her for the bread nor the tobacco; but seeing her concern, “you're troubling yourself too much,” says I, “Miss Dempsey,” “Oh! by no manes entirely,” says she, “will you be after taking another glass, Pat,” says she, “why then, Miss, I won't baulk your hand,” says I, “if it was to take two

glasses itself of worse liquor, wishing you health and spirits, and a happy judgment to your father," says I; and with that the most of us sat down again to the cards, and the divarsion, and the coortin.

Dick Doyle.—Well, Peter Dempsey was a quiet honest man any how, and a good neighbour, and barring an odd glass, or a curse sometimes, he was a good christian, and is in heaven now, for surely he desarved a place there!

Edwards—Don't say so Dick Doyle, (placing his hand lightly, yet impressively, on Dick's shoulder,) dont say, or think that any one is deserving of the glory of heaven; what would become of us, if we we were to be reckoned with by our *deservings*! God's mercy, his free and undeserved mercy for the Redeemer's sake, is all that the best of christians has to look to, believe this Dick, though a protestant says it to you, and many a protestant thinks as foolishly as you do about this matter.

Murphy.—True for you then, Mr. Edwards, and I'll tell you what a protestant said about that; every year, for the last ten years, I worked in the summer with one Mr. Tull, a great big bos-thoon of a farmer, near Liverpool, and I know his childer and his wife well; there were four of us from this parish mowing the hay for him one

day, and he watching us ; well, just as we were whetting, out comes his wife, a very clane, decent, friendly woman ; “ what’s your wull woife,” says he, “ Caroline doyed just now,” says she, (Caroline was their daughter, seventeen years of age, who had been in a decay for two years,) “ Eh what,” says he, “ Caroline dead ! wull, wull, if there’s a heaven she’ll be there, for she was a foine hand at making a poye ;” and without as much as a drop in his eyes, the ould fellow staid with us for three hours longer, and went to market himself next day with a load of hay, and we never stopped the work, nor went to the berrin itself.*

Edwards.—That fellow had no heart, nor christianity neither, else he would’nt have thought that heaven could be *merited* by making pies, though this may be as meritorious as many another action more plausibly set forth for salvation ; with this sentiment Mr. Mac Duncan fully agreed, as did indeed the other two, so far at least as the merit of pie-craft went ; but as religious doctrine is forbidden ground for Irishmen of different creeds, if they wish to preserve good terms with one another ; the subject was quickly turned by Dick Doyle, saying, “ I wonder who’ll be after get-

* Fact.

ting Peter Dempsey's place, 'tis a good thirty pounds a year to a man that's cute." (Here Mac Duncan cocked up his ears.)

Edwards.—How so? sure a man can't get more than his salary, three halfpence a perch, for the imperial perch, for eight Irish miles---about twenty pounds a year.

Dick.—Can't he do as M'Quirk, in the next barony does?

Edwards.—How?

Dick.—Charge the full price for every man, and then stop two pence out of every shilling for advancing the money to them from 'sizes to 'sizes, if the poor cratures can't wait (and how can they,) for their money till it comes round, and can't he sell the meal and potatoes on usury, and can't he make them *volunteer* gift days for his own jobs at home, *whether they will or not*, and can't he buy the field stones for two-pence a load, and can't he charge the county four-pence, and can't he?—

Edwards.—But Is'nt he sworn to every item in the account at the sessions?

Dick.—So he is, but what does M'Quirk value an oath?—he says himself he has a right to charge full price for a man, and if he gets one to work for less, 'tis his lawful parquisite.

Murphy.—Peter (glory be with him,) never

did the like of this, nor could he do it, if he was inclined itself, unknownst to Mr. Bruce, who watches every hands turn of the work with his own eyes, and sees the men paid off every Saturday night.

Dick.—My blessings to him for that then, he's a raal gentleman, and if every one of his sort was like him, and would look to the poor and see them rightified we would'nt be so much *again* the cess, but when so many of the gentlemen are putting in for presentments, just to help the backward tenants to pound out the rint, and don't divide fairly, it's enough to bother our lives out.

Murphy.—Well there's great justice now, any how, to what there was formerly; I myself remember a few years ago, fifteen shillings a perch for mending roads, and now they can be repaired for five shillings a perch.

Dick.—Sure enough, and they used'nt to last any time, did'nt M'Quirk get a presentment three years running for the same bit of a road, when his ould landlord was alive, and used to dictate to the grand jury; but Mr. Bruce knows the way that work should be done, and makes it be done right, 'tis'nt working away for a *spurt* just before the assizes, that Peter Dempsey would be, but alway mending little ruts, and filling hollows, and keeping the water channels clear.

Mr. Mac Duncan.—And why should he not, twenty *punds* a year is——at this critical point of the conversation, at the junction of two roads, another funeral was seen rapidly advancing, on its way to the same church yard, the cry of “run, run, my boys,” was immediately set up by Peter Dempsey’s party, who in turns supporting his coffin, trotted smartly so as to pass the point where we have said the roads met, before the rival procession had come up,* this was a point of great importance, and luckily for Peter Dempsey’s repose, his remains had the advantage of being fairly laid down at the grave half a minute before the corpse of Sarah Flannagan had reached the church yard. This preliminary haste, led to a corresponding celerity in depositing the coffins in their narrow beds, which were covered with a promptitude and energy of dispatch which would have astonished a Dutchman, or even Mr. Mac Duncan the Scotchman, if he had staid for the last operations; and this scene, so devoid of solemnity, was quickly followed by argument, which brought on abuse, and abuse ended very naturally in the flourishing of cudgels, which might have brought about more wakes, and more berrins, if the distant appearance of Mr. Bruce, had not

* The last corpse is supposed to watch and wander until a succeeding one is introduced to the burial ground.

awed into perfect quiet, the angry and warlike disputations of these two parties, which happily for their harmony, recollected, that some individuals of the neighbouring parish, who had met both funerals on the road, had passed on without the usual courtesy of *turning back*, even for a few yards, with either of them—a breach of etiquette, which now excited the common and united disapprobation of *all* the “boys” present, whether followers of Peter Dempsey, or of Sally Flanagan.

CHAPTER IX.


Intended Petition against Tithes.

OF the different subjects of conversation which occupied the *colloquers* at the funeral, there was one which I was going to tell of, when the race (so indecorously commenced, but so fortunately ended without any practical mischief,) put it out of my head, and made me glad to escape with whole bones---the payment of tithes. A few days before Dempsey's death, a neighbouring clergyman had been forced to proceed against a refractory farmer for tithe; the sum was a trifle, three or four shillings, but the principle involved was important; without entering now into the details of the case, which by the way was misrepresented in all its particulars, it is sufficient to state, that the clergyman's right was admitted in law, and that a decree was issued for the sum claimed; still the farmer would not pay it, but raised up a cry of oppression against the clergyman, who instead of sending him to gaol, where he deserved to be lodged for his obstinacy, cancelled the decree, and gave him his liberty, being satisfied with

establishing the justice of his claim. Agents had been employed at the wake and the funeral, to stimulate resistance to tithe payments of all kinds, and this subject was uppermost in the minds of many, when the conversation took place among the Scotch steward and the other persons in his party. Dick Doyle, who had been canvassing for signatures or *marks* to a requisition for a parochial meeting on the subject, was going to *open* on the matter when the interruption occurred; a few days after he was haranguing Mick Kinshella about this *mighty grievous* taxation, when Mr. Bruce suddenly popping on them as they were putting their wise heads together, looked at the paper, and read it—and violent, absurd, and inflammatory it was. “What’s this?” said he, “a recommendation to the people to resist tithe payments! pray Mr. Doyle are rents to be prohibited too?” “Oh no, your honor,” said Dick, a little discomposed at being thus caught, “rents are quite different, for sure a gentleman has a right to his land, or the value of it, and your honor doesn’t think we’d do the likes of that, it would be fair robbery entirely.” “Pray, Dick, how much land have you?” “Thirty acres, plaize your honor, only the road’s measured in on me, and I hope you’ll consider that, and there’s three perches and a

half that's gone with the floods, and——," "Listen to me, Dick, you have thirty acres;" "not all out," muttered Dick; "and what do you pay an acre for tithe composition?"* "1s. 6d. an acre, one with another," replied Dick, "well then," pursued Mr. Bruce, "I'll let you into a secret: when this estate was given or sold, I don't know which, nor does it signify, to one of my forefathers, the tenth part was reserved by the grantor or seller of it for the church, and if it would be robbery to deprive me of nine-tenths, it would be as great a robbery to take away the other tenth from the right owner, the Protestant established Church; my ancestor got it subject to tithes, and if he bought it, he paid less than if it was tithe free, and how can I or any succeeding possessor claim more than the nine-tenths which he became possessed of? and, when I lived in England, who was the only person in this parish (and I say it with shame to myself,) who gave wine, or vinegar, or medicine, or nourishment, or money to the poor? answer me that."

"Mr. Gumbleton, the minister, was, I'll declare," said Mick Kinshella, "and a good kind gentleman he always was to the poor;" "well,"

 * See the line of argument introduced in death bed scenes.

pursued Mr. Bruce, (I am speaking against myself you see, but common honesty makes me do so)—“was it not better for the parish that Mr. Gumbleton should have had one-tenth of what you might perhaps think was my right, since that tenth at least was spent in the very place whence it was drawn---in building at the glebe---employing tradesmen and labourers, and assisting the poor with money and advice---than if it had been sent to me with the other nine-tenths to be spent out of the country?”—“I allow that much, Sir,” said Dick, “very well,” continued his landlord, “now, how many parishes are there circumstanced as this *was* before I came here; from which all the rents are taken away, and to which none are returned?”—“a great many entirely,” admitted Dick, “and that’s the ruination of poor Ireland;” “then since the clergy are compelled to live in their parishes and spend their incomes there, and provide schools for the poor, and the landlord cannot be forced to do so, is it not better to leave the property as it is, than to take it from them to give it to the land-owners?”—“Why, Sir,” observed Dick, “I believe there’s no talk of giving the tithes to the landlords, but just the taking them off the tenants’ backs, which would lighten the cratures a little,” “pooh, you blockhead,” continued Mr. Bruce, “do you

think that if your lease was out to-morrow, and your tithe composition taken off, I would not raise your rent to more than it is, and add at least 1s. 6d. (what you now pay to Mr. Gumbleton,) to your rent, you would call it *rent* that's all, instead of *tithe*:" "but plaze your honor, if I may make so bould as to be bothering your honor any longer, some of 'em says that the government will give the tithes some way or other to the poor, and not leave them behoulden to the gentlemen for charity." Mr. Bruce shook his head, "no, no, Dick, if the government takes hold of the tithes from the clergy, who are the right owners of so much property, and certainly as useful possessors of it, as far as it goes, in their glebe houses, as the lay landlords are in their foreign palaces, or even in their family seats at home, it will be *collected* and applied in ways that will but little relieve you in the end; and if once this property is touched, there will be no security either to landlord or tenant for theirs." "But, Sir, and I'll say no more about it for fear of angering your honor, is'nt it hard for catholics, and methodists, and quakers, to be paying the protestant clargy, when they don't go to church?" "Ah! Dick, there's the rub," thought Mr. Bruce; he, however, explained to both his hearers, that looking on it as it truly

is, merely a *property* in possession of the clergy, instead of the laity, there is no greater hardship to Roman catholics and dissenters, in paying to the clergy one-tenth of the produce of the land, which they purchase or take on lease, with their eyes open, subject to this tax payment, than there is in their paying the other nine-tenths to their landlords."

"Suppose Dick, that I spent every shilling of my property in keeping two or three packs of hounds, and a full table, at which every guest was obliged to get drunk, if he appeared there at all; would not my good and sober neighbour and tenant, John Elly the quaker, have more reason to say, is it not a very hard thing that I should pay nine parts out of ten of the value of my land to Mr. Bruce, in order to keep up his hounds, and a riotous table, when my principles prohibit me from hunting or drinking with him?" than to exclaim, "is it not unjust that I should pay one-tenth of the produce of my farm to Mr. Gumbleton, though I cannot in conscience either pray with him, or hear him preach?"—he, like every other sober minded man derives some benefit from having such a neighbour as Mr. Gumbleton to assist him in public schools, and charities; to co-operate with him in many things, to converse with him, to associate with him in

private life, while such a man as I am supposing myself, his landlord to be, would be a plague and a curse to him; is this a fair argument, Dick?—depend upon it that I will put my face against your friend's proceedings, and if you, or any of my tenants join in this unjust attack upon the church property, to gratify the discontented, unprincipled persons who are goading the people to mischief, I shall turn my back upon you, and leave you to yourselves." "Oh! then, Goodness forbid that such a day should come about to us? I'll be bound, plaze your honor, that I'll never say a word more about the tithes, and that the other tenants will be asy too." With this understanding, Dick took his leave, hoping over and over again that he had given no offence, and that his honor would'nt be angry,

CHAPTER X.

Conversation in Mr. Bruce's house—on tithes—temperance—non-residence—Molly Moran and her bums.

“WHAT do you think, Mr. Gumbleton,” said Mr. Bruce, (as these two gentlemen were taking their wine in the dining room of the latter, after their ladies had retired to the drawing room,) “of the tithe composition act? how does it operate?”—“it works well, I think,” said the other, “disputes are avoided, and it is no small advantage to those who pay, and to those who are entitled to receive the tithe rents, that both parties know to a fraction what they are to give, or to get, and that the obnoxious machinery of proctorism is put an end to, wherever the new act is in force; besides, the pressure, which was very unequal before the introduction of the present system, and often fell with disproportionate weight on the small farmer, or the cottier, is now equally laid:—the graziers who, indisposed to *tillage*, were useless as employers to the labouring poor, and were very inequitably exempted from tithe, must now bear their portion of assessment; in short, I hear few complaints at present, except from

those graziers, with whom there is no public sympathy."

"Then how does it happen, that many parishes are still contented with the old law?" enquired Mr. Bruce, "because," replied the rector, "there are many short sighted, and very selfish landlords, who will not consent to pay for their lawns and paddocks, but prefer leaving the load as it now rests, on their tenants' backs, not having either judgment, or liberality enough, to perceive their own advantage in relieving those tenants from unequal taxation, and rendering the burden comparatively trifling to all."

These gentlemen combining with the great body of graziers, warmly exercise an undisguised, or underhand hostility to any change of measures in the tithe arrangements, and either deceive the tillage farmers by *false* representations, regarding the new Act, or over rule by authority, the opinions of their tenants, who, if uninfluenced, and fairly acquainted with the bearings of this Act, would *insist*, if allowed to vote (and it is matter of regret, that *every* tithe payer is not allowed a voice where his own pocket is concerned so nearly,) on availing themselves of its benefits:" "and yet," said Mr. Bruce, "I have been fighting your battle this very morning, on the subject of tithe-rents, as we must now call them."

“How?” enquired the rector, “by setting my face against a certain petition, for the abolition of tithe payments, which, the parish brain’s carrier, Dick Doyle, was slyly at work about.” “I thank you,” said the other, “and should have expected such conduct from your good sense and judgment, even independently of our individual friendship; but is it to the *principle*, or to the *rate* or *mode* of charging, that the objection is urged?” “To the *principle* I apprehend,” answered the other, “the agitators of the day basely pursuing their own selfish ends, have endeavoured to convince the people, that they are robbed and oppressed by the protestant clergy; but in our parish, I think we shall hear no more of this folly or mischief, as I have convinced at least *some* of the agents in the opposition, that it would be ‘out of the frying pan into the fire’ with them if they were to exchange the protestant clergy, for any other tithe recipients whatever.” “I wish,” said the other, “that the really influential, and well educated part of our landed proprietors were more generally resident; in such case, the great blessing of domestic peace might be expected—the employment of our poor would be more steady and extended, and we all know that active occupation is ever accompanied by *good order*, and tranquillity; but as matters now un-

fortunately stand in many parts of Ireland, it is not a subject of surprise, that a neglected, unemployed, and half-starved peasantry, should be ready for every novelty, and every mischief; no people bear, and have borne more *real misery*---and, as far as my experience of them has gone, no people are more alive to *kindness* than they are, nor more practically grateful for it, unless (for the exception must certainly be made,) where *religion*, or the line of politics which they are artfully taught to look upon as religion, is interposed; they are faithfully attached to the persons, and the interests of their benefactors, and with total indifference to their own personal case or comfort, would, in their own emphatic phraseology, go ‘a thousand miles barefoot to serve them;’ but, Sir, it is of men of rank, and high character that we stand in need—men who will not take advantage of the necessities of the poor, and grind them, and extort from them, in the way in which the tribe of *mushroom*, and *half-gentlemen*, so often treat them in the absence of their legitimate protectors—if we had a fair proportion of landlords, possessing *your* means and influence, and using them in the same way, we should soon be a regenerated people.”

“As to that,” observed the landlord, “*tastes* are so different, that we can hardly expect a

very great number of country gentlemen to turn their thoughts as mine happen to be directed—one person likes company and conviviality—another field sports—another show and equipage, and so on; and each claims (and has too) a right to spend his rents as he pleases”—“unquestionably,” said Mr. Gumbleton, “provided that he neither runs in debt, nor mischievously, nor immorally applies his money—but I must at the same time insist, that every owner of landed property has many duties to fulfil to his tenantry, and that if he has a proper sense of his duty in that state to which God has called him---of his moral responsibility—he will, especially in this period of agricultural embarrassment, avoid all unnecessary, and merely selfish expenses, in order to relieve the rural occupants about him; and thus eventually serve himself, his successors, and his country.” “But happily,” said Mr. Bruce, “a great deal is actually in progress; the gentry in many parts of this kingdom are very actively at work as improvers of the soil, and of the people; and I really believe, in spite of the vulgar prejudice in favor of good old times, that we (gentry,) are much better educated, and more usefully disposed, than our forefathers were.—The squireens, have nearly become extinct, and gentlemen of rank and property are beginning

to estimate aright the advantage of improving their properties by *personal effort*—as to myself, I perceive very clearly the beneficial effects of my residence here, both to myself and to others; you know what the condition of this parish was seven years ago.” “I know” answered the other, (who by the way was by no means a sycophant,) “that though we paid our full share of county rates—our roads were almost impassable, because no grand juror travelled this way; you, the owner of three-fourths of this parish, seldom had seen us, and the noble proprietor of the other part, has been an absentee for at least twenty years, and his agent, an attorney living in Dublin, to my own knowledge has not, during six years, once set his foot in the parish, indeed some say that he has never been in it—twice a year he comes down to a town, twelve miles from this, and there he is paid by the tenants—did a crop fail?—did fever invade us in consequence? there was no one to bear his part with me, in assisting the poor, and grievously have they suffered repeatedly.”

“Now, matters are indeed altered—you have got us good roads, which enable us to draw home our turf, and our coals without difficulty—and the farmer can take at least a third more of corn to market with considerably less labour to

X horses—you have established a dispensary—a fever hospital, and good schools—and to all these advantages, you have added, your own residence, which in itself is a point of immense moment.”

X Doctor O'Neill, the humane and indefatigable superintendent of the fever hospital and dispensary already alluded to, was now announced; it appeared that he had been delayed so much beyond the dinner hour, by attendance on a patient at the hospital; assuring Mr. Bruce, that he had already dined at home, on his way, he declined the offer of something more to eat, but readily joined the other gentlemen in a glass or two of wine.

“Whom have you in the hospital at present,” enquired Mr. Bruce, who was acquainted with the name and family of almost every poor person in the parish? “there are two of the Quiglans, and Terry Redmond,” said the Doctor, “and I much fear that the latter must be sent to a lunatic asylum, as there is little chance of the recovery of his senses; the other two have the common typhus fever of this country, brought on by poverty and insufficiency of food—but Redmond is deranged from intemperance, in drink.” “I never knew before,” said Mr. Gumbleton, “that Redmond was a drunkard, he was a hard working blacksmith, and though I have frequently employed him, I was ignorant of his having been

addicted to drink"—“he was in the habit” said the Doctor, “of taking many glasses of raw spirits in the course of the day, but was considered sober, because he never indulged so far as to be incapable of attending to his work; but he has long been, like too many tradesmen, an *habitual tippler*, indulging in the dreadful habit of taking whiskey in such quantities, as to keep up a certain degree of excitement in the system, tho’ seldom exceeding, so as to be actually drunk--this unfortunate Redmond has gone on in this way, requiring of course an increasing quantity of liquor, until now, in the very prime of life, he has been reduced to the degraded condition of insanity,* and I fear that his state is incurable.”

“Is such a case more hopeless” asked Mr. Bruce, “than one of furious madness?”

“It is,” continued the physician, “the brain fever which attacks those who *occasionally* indulge their passion for ardent spirits, but who, when they once begin, continue drinking for days together, until they are saturated with it, after a cooling regimen and abstemious diet, are often cured, and continue well, until another drinking fit seizes them, and sends them back to the hospital

* See “A second letter on the effects of Wine and Spirits, by a physician”—with the appendix in this valuable pamphlet—passim.

raving mad again—but I must observe—that each attack is more severe and of longer duration than the preceding one, and if the exciting cause is not totally abandoned, will terminate in imbecility, or death.”

“Have you witnessed many such instances of human crime and folly?” enquired Mr. Bruce, “several,” said the Doctor; “when I attended a public Lunatic Asylum in Dublin, I found at one time, that out of 286 patients, viz. 120 males, and 166 females, there were no fewer than 115, 58 males, and 57 females, whose madness was ascertained to have been occasioned by drinking whiskey. I am perfectly convinced too, that a large proportion of all the patients in all our hospitals, are victims of the deplorable infatuation, with which they indulge their desire of ardent spirits, and I think it may safely be said of a drunkard, that if he escapes the gallows, he will die in an hospital?”

“I should like to know from you, Doctor O'Neill,” enquired Mr. Gumbleton, “whether there is any foundation in truth, for the vulgar notion, that a person who has persisted in the constant abuse of wine or spirits, and resolves with the grace of ‘Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost,’ to be no longer a slave to such a habit, ought to free himself gradually,

or at once?" "at once," replied the other, "for it is easier to practice total abstinence than temperance, as Johnson's sagacity observed—if a man, accustomed to drink a large quantity, is restrained to one glass, or two, he has more anxiety for a second or third one, than he had for the first."

"It is reported, in corroboration of that position," said Mr. Bruce, "that in the prison at Auburn, (New York,) the most besotted drunkards have never suffered in their health by breaking off at once from the use of spirits, but on the contrary, that their health has been uniformly improved by so doing; they seem indeed, it is said, to be very uneasy for a few days, and to have little appetite for food—and I know myself, that in the neighbourhood of Swansea, where severe and exhausting labour is performed at the mouth of a furnace, in a smelting house, the men who drink only water, or milk, if they can obtain it, are considerably *stronger* and healthier, than those who are in the habit of dram drinking. I have never seen a confirmed drinker of daily drams, voluntarily relinquish their use," said the Doctor, "it is scarcely in human nature to do so—a drunkard may be fully sensible of the destructive effects of his besetting sin, both to soul and body, and he may intend, as most

drunkards do, to become temperate, ‘at a more convenient season;’ but if he does not immediately make the attempt, the allurements of drink will prove too strong for his resolution; he labours, as it were, under a disease of the stomach, the principal symptom of which, is a thirst for strong liquors, and which nothing but the attack of some other disease is likely to displace—however,” added Doctor O’Neill, “I admit that a gradual discontinuance of either wine or spirits, were it equally certain, might sometimes be preferable to their abrupt abandonment; but knowing the magnitude of the danger, and the difficulty of escaping it, I would as soon advise a man who had barely time to escape from a mad dog, not to be in haste, as I would a drunkard, who had resolved to lay aside strong liquors, to do so by degrees.”

“Then in truth,” concluded Mr. Gumbleton, “a drunkard’s safest attitude is that of Christian in the Pilgrim’s Progress, he ought to put his fingers in his ears, and having done so, run for his life, not looking behind him—but while we are thus preaching about temperance, the ladies may think that we have forgotten to practice it, and (turning to his entertainer,) if your servants take it into their heads, that we are too much indulging in our bottle of wine, you can hardly

expect that they would complacently acquiesce in a prohibition of their glass of whiskey."

Just as they entered the drawing-room, a servant told Mrs. Bruce, "that Nick Moran's wife was crying at the hall door, and begged to speak to his mistress"—she was admitted into the hall, and met there by Mrs. Bruce, and her party—"Oh! madam Bruce, my lady, down on my knees, (and down on them she dropped in a moment,) "I'm come to your ladyship for assistance—oh—oh—oh"—Molly Moran seemed in such pain, either of mind or of body, as at once excited the compassion of Mrs. Bruce, who first insisting on her standing up, desired "that she would explain the cause of her suffering, and the reason of her going there at such an hour"—"oh, where would I go but to thè quality for relief?—oh, my lady—oh, gentlemen honies—oh, Mrs. Gumbleton—all of ye's—I have two bums on me—Who'll relieve me—if you dont take them off me?"—"Two what?" enquired Mrs. Bruce in a whisper to Doctor O'Neill, "shall we send her to the dispensary, or the lunatic asylum, or can you do any thing for her here?"—"my dear madam," explained the Doctor, who saw that there was a misapprehension on the subject, "this is not a surgical case, she wants you to have two *bailiffs* removed from her cabin I sup-

pose," "oh, yes sir," said Molly, "the two *bums* are on me since I was sitting down to the bit of dinner, and they'll cant the potatoes, and the bed, and the blanket." Mrs. Bruce, now enlightened on the subject, enquired into particulars, and ascertained that Nick's landlord, a poor wretch himself, had distrained Moran's hovel (calculating perhaps, on the good-nature of the squire, or the parson,) for a year's rent; if he had so calculated, his speculation was realized, for in consideration of Nick's absence from home, and his unprofitable exercise at the tread mill, where he earned nothing for his family, the kind-hearted owners of the "great house" cleared off the debt, and relieved Molly Moran from the weighty incumbrance of her bums.*

* The vernacular phraseology of the Irish Peasant, has always adopted this *classical* appellative, to designate the calling of a keeper or bailiff.

CHAPTER XI.

Mick Kinshella succeeds Peter Dempsey—extraordinary appearances in the Church-Yard at midnight—superstitious fears—supposed ghost.

“BUT whom did Mr. Bruce appoint as his deputy supervisor in the room of Peter Dempsey?” “Michael Kinshella to be sure, whose good management and persevering industry had rendered his little field so perfect in its husbandry, that his landlord was glad of an opportunity of rewarding such an excellent tenant;” this elevation of Mick, with the consequent jealousies it occasioned in many of his apparent well wishers, had scarcely begun to be talked of in Paddy Breen’s ‘forge,’ and the neighbouring cabins, when a circumstance happened of more absorbing interest to the gossiping part of the parish. A few nights after the funeral, Dick Doyle and Pat Murphy, who had been mowing that day, had remained until a late hour in the school-house (which overlooked the old burial ground,) with Edwards, who, at Mr. Bruce’s desire, was drawing a plan or map of Dick’s thirty acres; this at length was completed, but not until midnight, when Dick and his comrade took their departure.

Edwards went to bed, but had hardly lain down, when the barking of his little dog announced the approach of footsteps quickly advancing to the door; a loud rap was given, and another, and another with unceasing rapidity. The school-master jumped up, and so did his wife.

“Who’s there?” from the window, asked Edwards, as he thrust out his head enveloped in a red worsted nightcap, tied on with a garter.

“Let us in, let us in, for pity’s sake,” feebly replied the men who had so recently left the house. Edwards admitted them, and luckily for them, for the door had scarcely closed, when Dick was on the floor, flat in a swoon, and the other standing up, was the picture of terror; his eye-balls were fixed and staring, his hair upright, his mouth open, the colour of his face pale and livid, and his whole frame (the fellow was more than six feet high and broad in proportion,) trembling all over. Mrs. Edwards herself terrified exceedingly, had no power to ask, even if he could have answered, a question, but had presence of mind enough to judge that in such a case, the great Irish restorative—whiskey—might bring about recollection and speech. Murphy took a glass of it eagerly, like a maniac; still not a word—another followed it, and then a third succeeded. “What has happened,” asked Edwards

and his wife in a breath?—"tell us Dick, tell us Pat;" alternately looking at the men.

"We—seen—a—sperit," slowly articulated Murphy,—“we—seen—it—with—our—eyes—in—the—church-yard—below—there.”

"Bah! you blockheads," answered Edwards, "what a pair of fellows to frighten my wife in this way, with your folly and your cowardice! I'll go down myself, and convince you of your folly." "No—no—no"—was the response. Mrs. Edwards clung to her husband; "dont go, dont go George, or if you do, (seeing his determination to ascertain the cause of such agitation,) let us all go together;" the whiskey by this time had imparted some courage to the other two, who were ashamed to stay back when a woman was about to advance. "Go up for your cloak," said her husband to Mrs. Edwards, while he was putting on a coat which hung by; in a moment she was on the stairs, but *there* she gave a scream,—"there's something in the church-yard—look here, look here;" George was in a moment at her side, and plainly saw a light, (blue, Dick Doyle said it was,) twinkling in the burial ground, it rested steadily on a grave—then disappeared—then flickered on it—then darkened again; they all saw it, and watched it, three of the party hardly breathing, and not daring to

“speak; the light again glimmered. “This is strange,” said Edwards, “but follow me;” and they *did* follow him; his wife from apprehension for his safety, and the men, because they were *afraid* to stay behind; out then they went, Edwards armed with his pistol and ammunition; Dick with a pitch-fork, which he had found in the cow-house; Murphy with the scythe, which he had been using in the day, and Mrs. Edwards with a poker; stealthily they crept along, like Indians on a marauding party, until they plainly saw the light again, at intervals, gleaming on the graves; at length, when they had reached a corner of the field which bounded the churchyard, and ventured to look into it, a figure appeared, as if in its shrouding—white, gigantic in size, and fixed in its position; a slight breeze stirred the bushes around them, and a mournful sigh seemed to issue from this scene of loneliness and horror; “It is the wind,” said Edwards, no other word was uttered; the light trembled again, the figure was less distinctly seen, and all was darkness then; our party still listened and watched; sounds came close to them; a passing moon-beam threw its light upon the figure which had been at the grave—it advanced towards them.—“Who’s there,” said Edwards? No answer to his challenge. Edwards boldly ran at

the figure, though unsupported by his male associates, but was fairly caught and clasped in the arms of Mrs. Edwards, who shrieked aloud; Dick Doyle, and his companion fell upon their knees, and prayed most earnestly—Edwards at length extricating himself from the conjugal embrace, rushed forwards. Figure, light, and footsteps, all had gone; our party were hastening homewards, “Stop,” said Murphy, “’tis there—I see it again!” and three figures were seen in another gleam of moonshine, slowly moving to and fro, and Murphy, desperate with terror, made a tremendous cut with his scythe at their waistbands, in the very moment of their bending their heads towards him—they fell! but nothing was to be seen, except what had given this alarm—three peculiarly tall stalks of *rag-weed*, which the wind had been agitating, until the scythe had cut them in the middle, but what had become of the shrouded figure, of the light, and of the footsteps?—*they* had been unquestionably seen and heard, and that even the weeds had been spirits of the other world in *vegetable masquerade*, was by no means problematical to the mower who had beheaded them, nor to Dick, who had been an *accessary* to the execution, and nothing ever afterwards could convince those men that something evil would not in conse-

quence betide them. Nor would they venture home that night, but actually returned to the school-house, with the Edwardses, and George consented to sit up with them till day break. The fire being renewed in the little parlour, conversation commenced, and turned, as may be supposed, on the occurrences just past. "Well, Mr. Edwards," said Dick, "I never *seen* the like of you any how, for courage; but the na-vy men beats the world out for that, but troth we've seen a raal spirit now, at any rate, the four of us with our own eyes."

"I think not," observed Edwards, "and I expect to clear up this whole matter to-morrow, though it certainly will not turn out a mere phantom, like the ragweed."

"Why then won't you allow," exclaimed Dick, "that you saw the shrowd and the ghost, and the light, and didn't you smell the sulphur?"

"I saw a figure in white," rejoined the other, "and a dead one too, perhaps, but certainly no ghost." "Well," cried out Pat, "you are as hard of belief as a Turk, or the likes of them foreigners, but I'm certain we saw something not right;" "something not right, I believe, too," said the school-master, "but what do you think Pat of the three ghosts you mowed down?" "maybe they were'nt what they seemed," re-

plied the mower, could'nt *sperits* change their shapes and their looks if they liked? does'nt Katty Dowd's ghost take the shape of a spinning wheel whenever any one meets it of a sudden, and says 'any good words,' or speaks latin to it? and still its Katty Dowd herself all the time."

"Tell me," asked Edwards, "did either of you ever see any one that saw Katty, or her spinning wheel, since she died?" "I can't say I did," answered each of his hearers, "but I saw them, that saw others that saw her"—"aye," said the school-master, "this is the way that ghosts are always seen, one person hears a story from a second, and a second from a third, and so on, and every one adds something to it, just like the story of the 'three black crows,' have you heard that story?" being answered in the negative, he went on—"but you need'nt draw your chair so close to me, as there is nothing very frightful in it." "One Jerry Donovan was about to be married to a girl with a very pretty fortune, and after he had bought the ring, and paid down the marriage money, one of his neighbours whispered to him, take care of Biddy Delany, for it is said, and I tell it to you out of regard, that she has a rookery in her stomach." "Who told you?" said the lover, horror-struck by this intelligence; "Tom Dempsey told me," said the

informant; off went poor Terry to Tom Dempsey, "Tom," said he, "who told you that Biddy Delany has a rookery in her stomach, "who told me that," exclaimed Tom, "why nobody said a word about the rookery, but James Flannagan happened to tell me that Biddy Delany vomited up three live crows, and that's all he said." To James Flannagan, next applied Terry—"oh, James Flannagan what made you tell Tom Dempsey that Biddy Delany has three black crows in her stomach;" "I said no such thing," said Flannagan, "and he's a liar for saying so, but I told him what Dennis Carthy told me, and I wont belie any one, that the girl had two black crows in her stomach, and you may ask Dennis;" and Dennis was asked his authority for the report—"I only happened to mention," said he, "and I thought there was no harm in it, that poor Biddy has a live crow in the pit of her stomach, or somewhere thereabouts, and sure I heard it from the Doctor at the dispensary." As Terry was so far on his way; to the Doctor he went for the true version of the story, pretty well convinced by this time that Biddy had nothing very unnatural about her, and the fact turned out to be, that the girl in a fever, or immediately after it, had discharged from her stomach something *as black as a crow*.

“Now,” proceeded the master, addressing himself to both his hearers, “the stories which you hear of ghosts are exaggerated and unfounded in this way, and you will find that none but those who are beforehand cowardly and credulous enough to believe in their appearance, are ever found to affirm that they have seen them, nor will you ever hear of *two* persons together seeing a ghost;” (‘barring to night,’ interrupted the auditors,) “which is also a strong proof that not even *one* has ever seen them; you have never heard more than a single person’s word at a time, for seeing Katty Dowd or her spinning wheel, and be assured that if there were a second person present, the reality would come out, and prove to be not more alarming than Pat Murphy’s rag weeds; if we had’nt been with him to-night, when he saw the moon shining on them, he’d have run away, and sworn that he had seen twelve ghosts at least.” “But, and dear bless you, and don’t be talking so disrespectfully of sperits, for you don’t know what may happen,” (said Dick again,) “didn’t four of us this blessed night, that’s now almost gone, see one as plain as I see you now?” “No, Dick, I wont admit the possibility of it, and I’ll tell you my reasons.”

“God would never send the dead back to this world for foolish purposes, such as ghosts by all

accounts are busy about, perhaps to find an old receipt, or a lease, or a crock of money: he would not condescend to declare his purposes by such messengers, scampering about their fooleries at midnight, when they might as well call by day, ('save us from all harm,' murmured Dennis and Dick,) waiting until they are first spoken to, and then only giving a groan, or a sign, or a word, and perhaps transforming themselves into spinning wheels, or running about in the shape of dogs, or foxes, or calves." "But might'nt they come to tell of *murder*, or to warn people?" enquired Dick, "the Scriptures tell us," replied Edwards, "all that we should know about our duty, and 'he that will not hear Moses and the prophets, will not be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.'"

"Besides ghosts are so fidgetty in their nature, that they seldom stay long enough to tell their business, or to give any good advice," "Now be asy, as to that point," said Dick, "did'nt Judy Flinn, the week after she was buried, appear to a workman belonging to her son, and tell him to warn the master to look for the stocking full of balloon hard guineas, that she sent to Dempsey's mill in a bag of wheat by mistake before she died—and did'nt she tell the same boy that it was'nt ground into wheaten flour, at all,

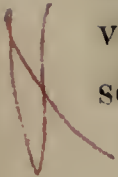
at all, but was hid in Dempsey's house, where, by the same token, it was never found—and didn't my own grandfather's *fetch* come to him when he was in the fever and tell him he'd die—and didn't he die sure enough, and why shouldn't he on such telling?" "As to these cases my good man," said Edwards, "if Judy Flinn's ghost had come upon such an errand, (here Dick looked significantly over his right shoulder,) it would certainly have gone at once to her son, and not to a mere foolish blundering workman, or, it would have appeared to a magistrate, with her informations ready drawn, or gone to the 'quarter sessions' more probably at once, and your grandfather, by your own statement, having been in a fever, was very likely to have a disturbed head, (in which case, spectral appearances are frequently presented to the disturbed imagination,) and also very likely to think he was to die."

"But now that the day has returned, let us revisit the church yard, and ascertain if my suspicions are well founded, in which case I hope you will no longer believe in ghosts."

CHAPTER XII.

The horrifying appearances of the preceding night, accounted for—The pursuit of “body snatchers,” by the Farnasheshery boys—Disasters in Dublin—Imprisonment.

ON going to the church-yard appearances confirmed the conjecture of Edwards, that the disturbance and alarm of the preceding night had been occasioned by body stealers, or “resurrection men.” The coffin of Peter Dempsey, raised from its earthy bed, had been wrenched open, and now lay without its insensate occupant—the winding sheet hastily thrown on the adjacent *wall*, remained on the very spot where the corpse had been seen, and a lowland *Dumbarton* bonnet lying near, seemed to indicate, that the robbers had been catering for the disciples of the knife and the lancet in Edinburgh or Glasgow; but this was matter of mere surmise, the peculiar and national shape of the cap, did not necessarily suggest the idea of its being the property of a Scotsman, nor, admitting this, prove that he might not have been employed in his execrable vocation by the practitioners of the Dublin schools of anatomy; against this supposition,



however, Dick Doyle's shrewdness suggested presumptive evidence of considerable force, namely, that the judges had only three months previously concluded the Munster circuit, and that consequently the usual and never-failing half-yearly supply of subjects, transmitted after the periodical ceremony of a little hanging in Clonmel or Limerick, to all the surgical schools of the Irish metropolis, could not have been yet exhausted, or as Dick himself expressed the opinion, "sure there were plenty of fine, clever, and clane corpses that died *naturally* upon the gallows in Tipperary, last 'sizes, besides the Limerick boys, that ar'nt any way backwards in such business; and sure the nautomy house in Dublin is'nt half clear of them yet, especially since they're presarved in whiskey ever so long entirely, from 'sizes to 'sizes any-how; and who'd be bothered in *Dublin* with poor Peter's little ould shrivelled carcase, or the likes of it, (that myself would carry on my showlders to Cork, and would'nt be tired by that same,) let alone paying for it besides, when those murdering villians of surgeons have such fine cutting, for nothing at all, at all, (bad luck to their scalping knives,) on the Munster boys, every one of them six or seven feet high,—the cratur,---and young and sound besides! assure as daylight, Mr. Edwards, 'tis some

of Burke's gang that have whipped away Peter Dempsey to them Scotch doctors, that bribes them with 10*l.* a head, by all accounts in the newspapers, and Peter will be after crossing the salt ocean, which he never did in his life-time before, barring it was over the Wexford ferry, when the bridge was bruck down, unless some one goes after him and lays houl't upon him before he's aboard ship."

The reasoning of Dick appearing to be conclusive, he and Murphy ran off to spread the occurrences of the night, and to urge a prompt and energetic pursuit of the fugitive thieves, for so they might fairly be denominated, although, as if aware of the technicality of the law, they had not stolen the shrowd, nor the coffin.

Edwards was almost the only person in the parish not shocked by this profanation of the grave, he had been too long familiar with scenes of real pain in living subjects, to feel for that which existed only in idea, and cared little about what might become, even of his own earthly tabernacle, when abandoned by its immortal inmate; *he* would therefore have been but little moved, by the spoliation of Dempsey's grave, had not the kindness of his nature caused him to compassionate the feelings of horror and dismay with which Peter's wife and children

would hear the soul harrowing intelligence, that the remains of the husband and the parent, were devoted to the mangling knife of the unsympathizing dissector.

And, there is a strong and almost universal feeling, against even the rude and disrespectful removal of the dead. This may be called a prejudice, and a foolish one too, perhaps, though it is instinctive in us; but the heart sickens, and the mind revolts still more at the thought of *exposing* in a state of loathsomeness to the gaze of strangers, those frames which, when breathing with a living soul, we had viewed with affection or respect, and unless we should divest ourselves altogether of some of the best feelings of our nature, (depraved at best though it be,) we could not yield the perishable parts of those whom we had loved or revered, to be hacked and mangled, even though the advancement of a necessary and a noble science, depended on the concession, and if the learned and the enlightened part of mankind be thus impressed, it was not to be expected that the rustics of Farnashesherly would patiently receive the news of Dempsey's furtive abstraction from the common sanctuary of their dead, so grossly violated, without manifesting strong sensations of excitement.

Information having been soon conveyed to the

widow and daughter of Peter Dempsey, whose feelings on hearing the circumstances of the past night were most painfully acute—that two men, followed by a dog, who was described with great minuteness, (whether accurately or not remained to be ascertained,) had been met at peep of day on the Dublin road at a short distance from Farnasheshery, driving a black horse very rapidly under a car with a barrel on it; it was resolved to commence an immediate and hot pursuit of the supposed fugitives; indeed the probability, that the above persons were taking the corpse to Dublin, was rendered almost a matter of certainty by the additional intelligence, which the same informant communicated, namely, that one of the men, a fellow nearly six feet in height, had a handkerchief tied round his head; this circumstance seemed to indicate that he was the owner of the cap found in the church-yard.

A party was accordingly soon assembled, consisting of all the male connexions of the deceased able to undertake the proposed chase, with Dick Doyle and Murphy, who had been eye witnesses of the recent horrors in the church-yard, and Nick Moran, whose mercurial temperament would not brook the slavish labour of the spade or the shovel at home, when the contemplated pursuit held forth a prospect of fighting with, or

X rather of executing summary vengeance on the detested resurrection men, or the eclat of taking them prisoners; besides he considered, that the Dempseys, for the credit of their family, would treat such an able-bodied volunteer with whiskey and tobacco, which he had no chance of getting in his own cabin, where Molly's house-keeping was of the most miserable order; flourishing his cudgel, and swearing vehemently, "that he would split the skulls of the two rascals, if wanst he could come up wid'em," he hurried off his companions almost before they had time to pocket the few shillings which the agitated widow divided among those of them, (Nick of course among the number,) who, without a penny in their pockets, were preparing to set off, on a probably long and fatiguing journey.

Dick, however, was not one of those who were now unprovided with travelling charges, for he always carried in the very deep pocket of his small clothes, a pouch which was never without half-a-dozen pounds at least in it: being the oldest and *cutest* of the 'boys' (he wanted nearly a year of sixty,) the direction of the party was committed by an understood, though unexpressed acquiescence to his judgment, in the exercise of which he divided his force into two divisions; with that, in which were three of

Dempsey's relatives and Nick Moran, he proceeded on the mail coach road towards Dublin, fifty miles from Farnasheshery, and the other he sent towards the same point, by a parallel line, more hilly, but not more distant from that city, where, if they did not previously overtake the body stealers, who had unhappily six or eight hours start of them, they arranged to meet, at a public house in the "liberties." Though Dick has been frequently named to my readers, I have not hitherto depicted him as to dress and appearance; and yet, there was great peculiarity in both—his face, of a truly Milesian character, was long and swarthy, seldom enlivened in its dark expression by the sunshine of a smile, even at the pointed and sarcastic wit which occasionally issued from his lips; his hair lank and grizzled, more grey than black in it, hung over his shoulders and ears, and rarely experienced the discipline of the reaping hook or scissors; he was tall, gaunt, and muscular; and now strode along, every pace five feet, before his little party, which trotted to keep up with him, as he moved on his bow legs, with his feet turned in, his stockings ungartered, and the knees of his breeches open, no one indeed had ever seen them buttoned, and there was much wonder in Farnasheshery, that a man so thrifty as Dick,

should go to the expense of buttons, which were never used: in the hottest days of summer, (and he carried it now in the dog days,) as well as in the most inclement winter weather, when he went to chapel, fair, or any other place of public resort, his heavy frieze great coat was always assumed, and generally with the tail thrown over his right arm; cravat he never wore, but preferred the exhibition of a huge and sinewy throat, at the lower extremity of which, commenced the hirsute covering of coarse black hair, which overspread his expanded chest; though his pocket was never empty, as I have already stated, Dick never admitted that he had a shilling to spare; and when paying his rent more particularly, he was sure to be always something *short*, at first, though afterwards he contrived shilling by shilling from the different hiding holes and corners which his habiliments contained, to pull out slowly and reluctantly, the precise balance, which the agent well knowing his *ways*, invariably insisted on receiving; a penny, even a half-penny, he would struggle to keep back, and never paid the uttermost farthing without a growl.

Such was the leader of the boys from Farnasheshery, whose exertions to keep pace with him would have been laborious indeed, had he not been obliged now and then to halt for a mo-

ment, in order to tuck up his great coat, to tighten his stockings, or to examine such passengers as were likely to give any information of the objects of their pursuit. However, notwithstanding the alertness and energy, with which this little troop traced the supposed route of the resurrection men, it was noon on the second day of their travelling when they reached one of the canal bridges near Dublin, still unsuccessful in their search; the information which they had collected on the road, and in the *shebeen* houses (where Dick, never having *any small change about him*, took his glass, and replenished his pipe, at the cost of his less prudent companions,) was vague, and conflicting in its details; sometimes the suspected car, and its drivers, critically corresponded according to the testimony of the respondents, with the wishes of the querists, at other times it differed in a few particulars, and then again, very widely and essentially from the tokens given by the enquirers; sometimes the horse was black, sometimes grey, and then neither black nor grey; at one time the car was "a good mile," or "a short mile" before its wearied followers, who, if they walked *pretty lively* might overtake it, and in half an hour afterwards, it was ten or fifteen miles in advance, and the next minute, perhaps,

“at the first turn of the road;” in no one point did all informants agree, except in the admission, that “the body stealers,” when caught, deserved to be torn to pieces, without waiting for judge or jury.

Harrassed and disappointed, Dick and his fellow travellers had reached the bridge before mentioned, on their way to the house of rendezvous in the ‘liberty,’ when they descried a car on the track way of the canal, almost under the bridge, as if removed to that spot, in order to avoid public observation; there was, however, no *barrel* in it, nor had the driver a handkerchief round his head, nor was the horse *black*, but there was a large *hamper* very carefully roped, and this might have been mistaken for a barrel, as it was scarcely day-light when the strange car was first seen, on the road from Farnasheshery, and one of the two men then accompanying it, (probably the owner of the scotch cap,) might have now preceded the other into town, to apprize the surgeons of the arrival of the “subject,” and the horse being of a very dark bay colour, might have appeared as black in the uncertain light in which he had been viewed by the original informant.

In the mean time, the carman judging from the scrutinizing and suspicious glances, with

which he was viewed by the "boys," (as they, leaning over the battlements of the bridge, clenched their sticks and communicated their observations to each other,) seemed apprehensive of some violent interruption to his journey, which, however, he prepared to recommence; cracking his whip with the true carman's smack, a smack which he might have spared on this occasion, for the horse on hearing this gentle hint to advance, firmly and resolutely planted out his fore legs in the position of a buttress to his body, and the attached load, and refused to stir a single inch; this circumstance above all, changed into certainty the previous conceptions of the party over head, some of whom concluded, in the genuine spirit of superstitious ignorance, that Peter Dempsey, though dead and closely enveloped in a hamper, had bewitched the horse, so as to disable him from taking his now disinterred corpse away from the spot where his relatives and friends had then assembled near him, and who would bear him back to his violated resting place, out of which he doubtless felt as uneasy and uncomfortable, as a fish would be out of water. Dick himself was convinced that he had at length overtaken the object of search, from the unexpected refusal of the horse to lean to his draught, which he, however, attributed

not to supernatural agency, but to the instinctive terror which all horses manifest, when within sight or smell of dead flesh; in this case it was in Dick's opinion, almost certain that the sagacious and sensitive animal had smelled Peter Dempsey in the basket.

In a shorter time than I shall occupy in telling it, a shout was raised, cudgels were flourished, the carman was at once unceremoniously knocked down, the horse unyoked, the rope was cut from the hamper, and there was taken out, with much agitation and trembling, the flesh, not of the late deputy supervisor, but, of four turkey pouts, and a couple of crammed fowl, a ham, and some sausages, which, it subsequently appeared, the carman had been employed to take from the Wexford market, to a gentleman in the Dublin post-office establishment, who would, doubtless, have most reluctantly bartered those little white and plump carcasses, for the goodliest corpse in the church-yard of Farnashesherly.

A considerable crowd had now collected on the bridge, and the carman, as soon as he had recovered from the quieting effects of the blow which he had received, called loudly on the bystanders to seize his assailants; in vain did they apologize and endeavour to explain the causes, which had led to the mistake; neither their protes-

tations of innocence, nor the physical resistance of Nick Moran, availed to prevent the forcible detention of the Farnasheshery boys, until an adequate number of constables arrived to conduct them to a police office, from whence, after the necessary informations had been lodged by the carman, the whole of the accused party, who were of course unprovided with bail, was committed by the sitting magistrate to the county gaol.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dick Doyle's letter to Mr. Bruce—Avertisement relative to Peter Dempsey's corpse.

To men unaccustomed to lie on soft beds, to handle a comb, or a half whetted razor more than once in a week or fortnight, and totally unused to the luxury of daily ablution, and those changes of raiment, which in higher grades are deemed so essential to personal comfort, the accommodations afforded in Kilmainham, appeared by no means defective; the use of the *pipe*, however, was forbidden, and this was avowedly a grievous privation. As to Moran he seemed to be quite at home there, and evidently piqued himself on his qualifications for the office of master of the ceremonies to uninitiated companions, to whom every thing there, was strange and astounding, and the elasticity of his spirits, enabled him to excite the more obtuse and deadened energies of his desponding friends.

But how were they to procure bail for their future appearance, a matter indispensable to their liberation? how were they to trace out the body

of Peter Dempsey, which they were convinced was by this time in Dublin, and above all, by what means could they satisfy the magistrates, that they had erred without motive, and unintentionally, and acquaint their friends at home with the woeful result of their precipitate expedition? these were points which required deliberation.

“Ar’nt you a scollard,” enquired Murphy, of Dick Doyle, who nodded a kind of modest acquiescence, “have’nt you larning enough to write a bit of a line to Mr. Bruce, and won’t one word from his pen send us out of this lodging any how?” “thru for you, Murphy,” added one of the Dempseys, rubbing his hands with delight at the suggestion, “and can’t he draw up an advertizment about Peter, and stick it up like any other notices, on every church and chapel door in *the parish* of Dublin?” the only remaining difficulty, was to get the stump of a pen, a tent of ink, and a dacent sheet of writing paper, a penny or two, however, enabled the party to procure these indispensable materials, and Dick, thus nominated, the secretary of the committee, conceived, and transcribed out clean and cleverly, in something less than six hours, the following letter and advertisement.

“Honored Sir,

“I make bould to trouble your honour, about the poor sityation your tennants are in, and all for nothing, at all, at all, but a bit of a mistake, that happened to us joust as we overtuck the car that we thought had Peter’s corpse in it, and if your honour does’nt see us ritified, and taken out of hault, which one line from your honour, would do, supposing it was for a worse thing itself that we were in for, let alone looking for our own flesh and blood, (which Peter is to most of us consarned,) we’ll be destroyed for good, intirely, and the busy sason going on, and we fifty miles from Farnasheshery. Your honour needs to be informed, that we are all taken afore one Mr. Justice Gabit, (and his own share of gab he has, sure enough,) and he said that we must give bail to appear at the next quarter sessions, for stoping the car on the high road, and salting the driver; and sure there could’nt be an asalt, when no one touched him, only Nick Moran hot him one blow, that would’nt hurt a sucking child, just to make him asy, till we looked into the basket for the poor corpse, and the justis would’nt belive one word about Peter Dempsey being stolen away to Dublin, though I tried to incense it into him, and to

make him sensible, but he turned the bothered ear to us intirely; and so if your honour will joust write a bit of a letter to see us ritified, he'll let us out, for sure he would'nt dar to brake your honour's word."

Your humble sarvant,

RICHARD DOYLE.

"P. S. Jem Cassidy will deliver this, 'tis he had the luck of the world to go the other rode."

TAKE NOTIS,

"This is to sartify, that one Peter Dempsey was stolen out of his greave and he hardly settled in it, last tuesday night, by some evil minded Scotch villians, who left their marks and tokens behind them; one of them is well known by them that seen him, as follows: there was a dog alonge wid im, with a croped ear, and a very shart tale; wore when he went away, a pare of blew throwers, and hussian boots, and had a large white speck on his back besides; the baste had a very starved looke, and was about five foot eleven inches in his stocking feet, had

a collar about his neck, and was seemingly lame in one of his hind legs, from a bite from another dog; his head was covered with a blewish handkercher, having left his scotch cap in the churchyard, being in a hurry, I suppose, when the hullooloo was set up. Any one that brings intelligence of Peter's corpse, so as it is'nt already nautomized by the doctors, to any of us, whose names are described below, will receive a reward, which we can settle the amount between ourselves when we meet.

PATRICK DEMPSEY—Brother's son of same.

JEREMIAH SULLIVAN—^{his}
 X Brother's daughter's husband.
 mark

TIM DELANY—^{his}
 X Son's daughter's husband of same.
 mark

RICHARD DOYLE.

NICHOLAS MORAN—^{his}
 X
 mark

“ N. B. Any one that is lothe to give information, except in private, will be trated accordingly; and I promis to tell it to no man, excepting my wife, which is all as one as myself.

RICHARD DOYLE.”

“ Posterip—Pleas inquire at the gaol.”

When the tidings conveyed by Jem Cassidy, and his party, (who so happily for themselves had been out of the scrape on the bridge, and had quietly taken up their lodgings in the "liberty,") reached Farnasheshery, no words can describe the unhappiness which they occasioned. The widow Dempsey was almost heart-broken, on hearing that the search for her husband's remains had been so unsuccessful, and she grieved also, that her warm hearted and zealous neighbours should have fallen into trouble, in consequence of their good-nature.

The whole parish, in short, was in confusion; Mr. Bruce, Father Murphy, Mr. Gumbleton, and the coadjutor, were each, and all applied to for comfort and counsel in the general perplexity. Mr. Bruce, however, (himself in the commission of the peace,) by a judicious representation of the case to the magistrates in Dublin, after the delay of a few days, which the correspondence necessarily occupied, effected a satisfactory arrangement; the carman, who had been so unfortunately stopped, and struck by Nick Moran, very readily consented to withdraw his accusation, on privately receiving a pound note, (which Dick Doyle was prevailed on to advance,) and an assurance of being well treated at M'Carty's in the "liberty," on the liberation of the prisoners;

a condition which they most honourably fulfilled. But notwithstanding the *notices* which Dick had so carefully written, and circulated, no tidings were ever received respecting Dempsey's body, which it was generally conjectured had been rapidly conveyed to Glasgow; the daily intercourse by steamers, from Dublin to that city, rendering its transmission, a matter of easy performance.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sickness and death of Willy Kinshella.

HAPPINESS is seldom long uninterrupted ; though the Kinshellas continued to prosper in their affairs, as might have been expected, from their steady habits of temperance, industry, and skill, they were not exempted from some of the calamities incident to the journey of life : their second boy, unobserved by his usually most watchful mother, had pursued a straying kitten, his favourite pet, into Moran's house, where the noxious matter of the measles still maintained its contagious property ; this little fellow was only three years and a half old, but affectionate, and intelligent beyond his years. Joanny doated on him, and Mick regarded him with an intensity of tenderness, very unusual to *men* of his class of life, who too frequently view their offspring, with the mere selfish anticipation of the prospective advantage which the future labour of those children is likely to afford them ; but Willy, (so was this child named,) was the object of parental love—the purest, the most unmixed with worldly feelings.

From the earliest days of infantile discernment, he, more than his brother, or his sister, had instinctively fastened on his father's heart; his little hands were ever stretched out to rush into the arms of that parent, when he returned to his home after a day of toil on his roads, or his farm; and the blush of delight mantled on Willy's round and velvet cheek, when Mick receiving him from his fond and happy wife, folded him in a warm and close embrace. As he advanced in age, he would watch at the door for his father's approach, and clap his little hands, and dance with joy "when Pappy was coming," then he would climb up into his arms, and kiss him again and again, and tell him in the broken prattle of that most endearing age, of all the little matters which occupied his opening mind. This sympathy, in its very nature alone intelligible to the feelings of fond and idolizing parents, (for indefinable it must ever remain to those, who know not the expansion of heart, which objects of affection create, nor that withering sense of desolation, which makes the heart shrink within itself, at the disruption of "the silver chord," which binds together, as it were in a common existence, the parent and the child)—this natural sympathy—increased with every day—and every night too added to its power,

for Willy was accustomed to sleep by his father's side, in a small bedstead, (Mick's own workmanship,) from which, whenever he awakened, whether at midnight or at dawn, he crept into the larger bed and nestled in his father's bosom, and never did that father, however disturbed by the natural restlessness of the child, however wearied and sleepy, he himself might be, repel the dear intruder, or move him one inch from the lodgment which he loved to make.

For a considerable time after Willy had been seized with the disorder, there seemed to be no danger, for the ordinary error of giving *punch*, and other stimulants to the patient, had been avoided by Joanny Kinshella, who, under Dr. O'Neill's directions, had pursued a cooling regimen; the dry cough which attends the measles had been relieved by blistering, and by pectoral mixtures, so that inflammation was kept down, and the respiration rendered free; but unhappily, after the lapse of three or four weeks, when the inexperienced parents thought, that the period for using care and caution had passed over, the *hooping cough* succeeded to the measles; it increased in violence, and the fever which it excited, soon became alarming; during three weeks the mother never went to bed, and seldom slept an uninterrupted hour, and Mick too, watched

his little sufferer, whenever he could leave the unavoidable business which demanded his time and his attention; and every feverish movement which the child made and every rambling word which he uttered, went to the hearts of his distracted parents---“where is my Pappy?” “where is my Mammy?” was his frequent question, though each was at his side, holding a little burning hand, and those little burning hands were not withdrawn pettishly, for Willy felt the tears which dropped upon them, and seemed to know that they were proofs of love, and asked “what is on crying for pappy---pa?” “is it, cause poor Willy---sick---and die?”---and then the parents’ tears would start afresh, and flow upon the pressed hands, and cheek, and forehead of their boy---then he would ask for a drink, and his little lips would just touch the cup of whey, and his slender fingers would motion it impatiently away, and then a fit of coughing would come on, and the protracted moan of pain and exhaustion would succeed, and the teeth would grind loudly and fearfully against each other.

He was in this condition when Dr. O’Neill called in; the Kinshellas rose up to receive him, and to watch his looks, as he gazed with professional observation on the child’s face, and felt his pulse, and laid his hand upon his swollen sto-

mach ; “ what do you think about him ? ” Mick, at length summoned fortitude to ask, “ he’s very ill to day,” said the physician humanely, sympathizing in his tone and manner with the agitated pair, but still he may recover; “ *Oh ! he’ll do no good, he’ll do no good,*” exclaimed poor Mick, striking his hand at the same time forcibly against his brow ; “ I knew---I knew it all along---I knew he’d be the one to go first---I always said so---didn’t I, Joanny ? ” “ he’s not gone yet, however,” said Dr. O’Neill, “ and while there’s life, there’s hope---God may yet bless the means which I shall use for the child’s recovery ; at the same time, I must in candour tell you, that this terrible hooping cough which keeps up the fever, cannot be arrested in its course by any art of mine ; unless, therefore, the little fellow’s strength of constitution can struggle against it, until the regular time for its abatement shall come, I much fear for the result---be prepared therefore, my good friends for the worst.” Before he went away, he gave some new directions to Joanny, among which, was an order to get ready a warm bath, in which Willy was to be held for four or five minutes.

As soon as he had gone, Mick, who in some degree had restrained himself in his presence, threw himself on his wife’s neck, and there

burying his face in her handkerchief, burst out into a convulsive paroxysm of tears; “there’s hope yet, Mick honey,” said this excellent young woman, struggling to check her own tears, and to stifle her own agony, in hopes of soothing the violent and uncontrolled anguish of her husband; “he may do yet”—“no—no”—sobbed out Mick; “he’s gone—he’s gone—my child is *all as one as dead*,” “and if it be God’s will,” whispered the other, “we must be content, Mick—though it’s a sore—sore blow—to us—there are the other two children still, and many a one has’nt that same comfort left”—“they’ll all die soon,” cried Mick, impatiently, and bitterly—“now that death has entered into the house—if it was even one of the other childer, and not Willy! and yet—the poor innocent cratur,” and he caught the other children in his arms, and hugged them, and laid his hands on their heads, and blessed them, and ran hastily out of the house, to give full and free vent to the new, and yet unsubdued feelings, which a father’s first woe had aroused within him. By the time the bath was ready, he was, however, back again, and composed enough to lift his darling from the bed, and place him in the tub of warm water, in which, after he had been immersed a minute or two, he seemed to experience ease;

he even moved his little hands in the water, dabbling with it, as if in play, and looked up smilingly; the other little ones were standing by him, perplexed and frightened by a scene so new to their experience, so unintelligible to their comprehension; they cried, and bitterly too, “because Willy was so sick, and could’nt play with them,” and what a skeleton had the invalid become! the three weeks preceding, of the fever’s continuance, during which he had eaten nothing, and been supported by medicines, or a little drink alone, had wasted his once rounded limbs to the merest spindles, and Mick, when raising him from the bath, felt as if he held this most precious burden, in his arms for the *last* time; and yet there was a moment of joy and hope, for on the next day’s dawn, when the poor man had gone to the cow house to supply the cattle with turnips and hay, his elder boy ran out and told him, “that mammy, who thought that Willy had got a turn for the better, wanted to see him;” in a moment, breathless with haste, and with a beating heart and brightening eye, Mick was at the sufferer’s side; Joanny took her husband’s hand, scarce able to utter, “courage Mick, the fever’s gone all of a sudden—feel how slow and fallen his pulse is!” and, as if to confirm her favourable judgment, Willy for the first time

during many days, rose in his bed, asked to be taken up for a moment, called for a drink, and took it freely—"glory be to the Father of mercies," ejaculated Joanny, "he'll do after all;" but alas! the fever, which hitherto had imparted artificial strength, having now subsided, debility and exhaustion succeeded; the little creature gave a convulsive start, and threw an agitated look on the persons around him, (some neighbouring women had sat up with Joanny on the preceding night, and indeed on almost every other one since the illness had assumed a dangerous type,) and then fixed his glistening eyes, glancing from under their half closed lashes, on his father and his mother, and then—"but why should I go on?" he soon sunk into stupor, and in two hours afterwards he ceased to breathe—and those who had seen him the day before, while the fever still flushed his rounded cheeks, could now scarce recognize the former expression of his face, for when the spirit had fled from its "frame work of mortality," to the mansions of its heavenly Father, his cheeks fell in, the flush was changed to the pale and livid hue of death, his features were altogether altered, and the emaciation of his countenance, plainly shewed the consuming nature of his malady.

The wake and the funeral, which closed the

scene, were mournful and solemn; the too frequent course of rustic merriment, as if in mockery of death and its attendant sorrows, none dared to indulge in, at the habitation of the Kinshellas; their grief was respected, even by their most reckless neighbours, and the delicacy of feeling which in general they evinced, was creditable, if not to the sympathies, at least to the judgment of the people around; and there was one person — Edwards — who spoke words of comfort and instruction, not much heeded, indeed, at the time, but, when they were in after years remembered, their truth and force were sufficient almost to reconcile the Kinshellas to their bereavement, and make them feel experimentally, that the *Christian* triumphs where the *Parent* faints.

CHAPTER XV.

The horse race—Dennis the jockey—The steeple chase—
Mick Moran engages in another riot, and emigrates to
Canada.

THE neighbourhood of Farnasheshery was occasionally blessed with that most edifying spectacle, a country horse race—a sport of all others, the most engaging, and the most popular. It was proposed now to superadd the gratification of a steeple chase, to that of an ordinary sweepstake, which was to be contested on the flat summit of a hill, unhappily too, notorious in the annals of the country. The day appointed, was, as may be supposed by every one acquainted with the Irish love of excitement, rendered an absolute holiday by every person around, whom age, infirmity, extreme youth, or religious scruples, (of the latter class there were but few,) did not incapacitate from, or indispose to, participation in the expected pleasure.

Those who frequent the Curragh, or any other great race ground, where they see the finest of animals, proudly and emulously stretching with their riders, whose varied and showy dresses add not a little to the general effect, over a course of

three or four miles in as many minutes, know how exciting the contest is, even to those who have no special interest in its termination,



“ Who care not a pin

“ Who’s out or who’s in.”

Yet I doubt if even the great — stakes, at the moment when that most capricious of all horses, Rainbow, took it into his head to *bolt*, and disappoint his noble owner, of I know not how many thousands, created more intense interest, or attracted a greater crowd than was congregated on the top of the barren and heathy hill, to which I have alluded, to see the *padreen* mare, and Dennis Carty’s cock-tailed colt, ridden over hedge and ditch by two bootless and jacketless men, who, amidst the shouts and screams of their respective friends and *backers*, without skill and judgment, belaboured the poor animals, which were doomed to carry them. “ Five naggins on the *padreen* mare,” roars out one, as she cleared a double ditch, and worked gallantly through a heavy fallow—“ done,” shouts another—“ who’ll bet a *savereign* ?” vociferates a third—“ down with your money,” roars a fourth—“ five shillings to a crown on the *coul*,” is heard in another quarter, a minute before the said colt had missed his footing and tumbled

head foremost into a deep ditch, with his rider under him—“Dennis is kilt!” every where is heard; a matter apparently placed beyond a doubt, when the people on the hill saw a gentleman, whom they soon recognized as Doctor O’Neill, standing over his body, in vain endeavouring to resuscitate it. The Doctor had been riding, on his return from the house of a patient, across a road which intersected the course prescribed for the steeple chase, and at the critical moment of his coming up to that place, Dennis was endeavouring to force the *coults* over a very stiff fence which bounded the road, intending to cross at the opposite side of it, and pursue his career to the winning post, which was placed on the hill, to be ascended in an oblique direction.

The Doctor (he was a surgeon also,) was some seconds alone with the unfortunate jockey whom the fall had rendered senseless—his back was evidently broken, and his neck, sunk between his shoulders, was apparently broken also; having just raised Dennis’s head, which dripping as it was with water, fell helpless again on his shoulder, the operator was in the act of labouring with his utmost force, (having made a *vice* of his knees for the reception of Dennis’s head,) to stretch the patient’s neck to its proper length, when the pain aroused poor Dennis’s suspended powers of sensation, he

hoarsely, yet feebly muttered—"born so—born so;" a fact soon vouched for by many in the crowd, which rushed down from the heights, to the scene of this accident, and who now told the operator, that Dennis's back had been broken in childhood by a fall from an apple tree. The Doctor's hand was at once withdrawn from the strong pull which he had been giving, and up jumped Dennis, having extricated his neck from the "durance vile," in which it had been held, for he had been only stunned and well soused by the fall; after shaking himself well, and literally feeing the good natured doctor with the drippings of his long and shaggy hair, he was promptly lifted upon the back of his colt again, (which had been panting by his side, from the moment that he had floundered out of the dyke,) and he actually passed the *padreen*, while stuck to her middle in a swampy part of a neighbouring field, with the localities of which her rider was unacquainted, and reached the winning post in triumph.

Never was conqueror at the olympic games more flattered and caressed; borne on the necks of his party, he was taken to one of the many tents which had been erected on the hill, and there treated to as much liquor as he chose to indulge in; but Dennis had to ride again, in the

sweepstake, and those who were interested in his success, took care to keep him tolerably sober, and permitted him to remain in proximity to the whiskey, only while a mule race was in progress; but the animals concerned in this trial of speed, true to their characteristic obstinacy stopped short in the middle of their course—whips, spurs, oaths, and imprecations, prevailed at length, so far as to excite them to accomplish a canter, but alas ! not in the line prescribed ; they darted with a simultaneous impulse across the course, trampling a little boy nearly to death, over-setting an old woman with a gingerbread basket, and finally rushing into the very middle of a tent, where with a ludicrous agility they executed sundry mischiefs. But the sweepstake which succeeded, in a great measure compensated for the previous mortification ; the tent owners, all of them whiskey venders, had contributed to purchase a saddle and bridle, and several horses were entered for this important stake.

Again commenced betting, cursing, swearing, jostling, crossing, and horse whipping ; the latter operation, was, indeed, in some degree necessary on the part of the *bloods*, who had undertaken to exhibit themselves and their horses in clearing the course, and who galloped over, and

R struck at the unmounted spectators, in a manner truly Irish.

Dennis tried his luck again on a neighbour's horse, but not with his former success, for though he had a spur in the head, "as well as two in the heel," a jockey from Ballyhogue, with a fine green jacket, and cap of the same colour, won the saddle and the bridle.

But those who had given the saddle and the bridle, were now to have their share of the fun, and of the profits too; their tents were quickly filled with the crowds, who remained to drink, and to talk of the delights of the day, and to repay the generosity of the publicans, by taking liberal potations of the poison which they vended. And whether it was the whiskey, or the atmosphere of the hill, or the natural talent of his countrymen, which on this day affected him, I know not, but never was Dick Doyle so wondrously witty. "Is it for the chap that won the saddle, your letting out that shout?" said he to Nick Moran, (who from having roared twice as loudly as any body else for "Ballyhogue," had been rewarded by his rider with the means of making an unrestrained libation, and was now in the very act of 'wetting his whistle,') "thru for you it is, my ould cock," said Nick, "and here's long life to them that gave the saddle too," taking a

long unbreathing pull at the contents of a teeming punch jug. “ ’Twould be a pity to put a saddle on *your* back, Nick,” said Dick, who had been watching his unintermitting swallow, “ why so ? ” enquired Nick, at length drawing his breath, and laying down the empty vessel— “ bekaze you take so kindly to the *draught*,” said Dick, with a knowing nod, “ why then your’e a mighty droll man,” rejoined Nick, to be after making a baste of burden of me,” “ take care you don’t make a baste of yourself,” said Dick, “ go home like a good fellow,” whispering to him, “ and don’t anger Mr. Bruce, and be after rising another ‘ skrinmage ; ’ ” but Dick’s caution came unhappily, too late ; Nick was already excited ; and who could stop him ? the very hint he had received, set him in a blaze, in order that he might shew his *independence* of Mr. Bruce and of the law ; and I grieve to tell, that after all his warnings, all the wants and miseries which he had already experienced, in consequence of his intemperance, the early and long indulged habits of this wretched creature, were so deeply rooted in him, as to render him on this occasion an active participator in, if not the originator of, a desperate affray which took place about midnight, between the *Cassidys* and *Foleys*, two families and factions, in which ill

X blood had been fermenting since the session's scene related in chapter the fourth, the result of which was, that Mr. Bruce, disgusted by the incurable dissipation, and total worthlessness of Moran, gave him a few pounds, (after he had paid a second visit to the tread-mill, in company with half a score of the most turbulent of his party,) to banish himself to America, there with the incumbrance of a useless wife, and a helpless family, after undergoing all the hardships and danger of a long and sickening voyage, to commence at the age of fifty, and without character, the hardships and privations of a Canadian location. X

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 2, line seven from bottom, for "or" read "nor."

13, bottom line, for "or" read "nor."

18, line ten from top, for "his" read "the old man's."

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